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CHRONICLE

Home News: The New York Car Strike. The War: Bulletin, Sept. 12, a. m.—Sept. 18, p. m. France: Catholic Loyalty. Germany: The Merchant Marine—Fall in Food Prices. Hungary: Opposition to Premier Tisza. Ireland: Emigration Statistics. Italy: The Wastes of the Campaigna. Mexico: Present Conditions. Spain: The Merchant Marine.....557-568

TOPICS OF INTEREST

Decadence in America—The War and the English Labor Market—A Candle to Saint Anne—Mayor Mitchel's "Conspiracy" Collapses—An Exhibition of Manuscripts and Printed Books. 561-568

COMMUNICATIONS

Catholic School Agencies Needed—The Genesis of Barclay Street—"Blest" or "Bless-ed"—Washington's Hint to Irate Subscribers—The Audibly Devout.....568, 569

EDITORIALS

Near-Thought in New York—Comparative Patriotism—Labor's Revolt—Haeckel as a Consoler—Hagiology and Spoon River—Republican Government in Georgia.....570-573

LITERATURE

Kathleen Norris.

REVIEWS: The Education of Women During the Renaissance—A Short History of the Catholic Church—The Ancient World—Life and Living—Gorse Blossoms from Dartmoor—Ballads and Lyrics—The House on the Hill.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS: The Summer Pax—The Catholic Mind—"The Social Gangster"—"The Magnificent Adventure"—"Ethica"—"Ivanhoe"—"Potential Russia"—The September Month—

"Some Experiences in Hungary"—"Serbia in Light and Darkness"—"To Any Saint."

BOOKS RECEIVED.....573-576

EDUCATION

Julianne and the Valedictory.....577, 578

SOCIOLOGY

Ezechiel, Thirty-Four, Six.....578, 579

NOTE AND COMMENT

The Passing of Chivalry—Memorial to Dr. John B. Murphy—A Total Abstinence Argument—Growth of the Knights of Columbus—The Negro Year Book—A Model Catholic Club House—Panama Civil Marriage Law—Human Life and Fireworks.....579, 580

CHRONICLE

Home News.—The following statement about the difficulty which precipitated the New York car strike was made for AMERICA by a man involved in the trouble.

*The New York
Car Strike*

When the first strike took place this summer, an agreement was drawn up, which invoked the principle of arbitration to settle disputes, and acknowledged the right of the car-men to unionize. This agreement was accepted by the company and the men, and it was signed by the Mayor and Mr. Straus, Chairman of the Public Service Commission, on behalf of the people. The contract directly affected the men employed on the surface lines, known as the "green car system." But the company which controls these lines, also controls the subway and elevated systems, popularly known as the Interborough. Now, though technically the Interborough had no contract with its men recognizing the principle of arbitration and the right to unionize, yet its manager, who is also the manager of the "green cars," admitted that the management of both systems should be uniform. In spite of this the Interborough helped to create a "union" of its own, and those who became members were asked to sign individual contracts which enforced a wage scale for some two years. This was viewed with alarm by the regular union which feared that its men would also be obliged to sign individual contracts. In fact, such contracts were already printed, and no doubt would have been circulated. Believing that the action of the Interborough tended to destroy real unionism the labor leaders demanded that the question of the individual contracts be arbitrated; their request was refused, and thus a strike was precipitated. It is interesting to note that on September 12, the Public Ser-

vice Commission justified the labor leaders' demand, stating that the question whether or no the contracts are a violation of agreement should be arbitrated.

The War.—The steady advance of the Allies in Picardy continues. They have taken the Mouquet Farm, Courcellette, Martinpuich, all of the Foureaux Wood, Flers, most of the Bouleaux Wood, Le Priez Farm, Hill 145, Bouchavesnes, Marrières Wood, l'Abbé Wood, and Hill 76. In the Trentino the Italians have taken Monte Cauriol and made some slight progress north of Monte Pasubio, and in the Posina Valley; they have also captured San Grado on the Carso and seized some heights on the Voyusa in Albania. Fighting has been taking place along the entire Macedonian front from Banica to the Struma River. As a consequence the Bulgarians west of Lake Ostrovo have retired to the Broda River, and have lost two miles of trenches north of Majadag; the Serbians have occupied Malkanidze; and the British, Nevolyen. The latter crossed the Struma at Neohori, but subsequently withdrew. The Bulgarians have occupied Kavala. In Volhynia and in East Galicia the Russians have been on the offensive, but have not been able to make any permanent gains. In the Carpathians they had some temporary success near Kapul, but later were driven back. In Transylvania the Rumanians have crossed the Toplitsa River, and have advanced west of Csik-Szereda. They have also crossed the Aluta River east of Fogaras, have occupied Schelletberg, near Hermannstadt, and reached a point twelve miles north of Petroseny. The Rumanians and Russian forces are retiring before the advance of the Central Powers in Dobrudja; the Bulgarians have recovered all the territory ceded to Rumania after the second Balkan

war. In Armenia the Turks claim successes in the Ognott region, but they have been obliged to fall back before the Russians at Bana in Persia.

The recent troubles in Greece have resulted in the resignation of M. Zaimis and his Ministry. M. Dimitracopoulos was invited by the King to form a Cabinet, but was unable to do so. Later M. Kalogeropoulos received a similar invitation, and succeeded in forming a tentative Cabinet, the life of which, according to reports, will depend on its attitude towards the Allies.

France.—A book has just been published that throws an interesting light upon the part played by the Catholics of the diocese of Paris in the alleviation of the miseries of war. The work, written by

Catholic Loyalty M. Paul Delay, is analyzed in the columns of the *Liverpool Catholic Times and Catholic Opinion*. The first volume treats of the diocese of Paris; the other volumes will show the Catholics at work in the other dioceses of France, at the front, in the territory held by the enemy and in the prison-camps of Germany. The purpose of this Apologia, "Les Catholiques au Service de la France" is to remind a certain section of the French people of the immense services rendered to the country in the hour of its greatest need by the maligned and oppressed Catholics. The author informs his readers that in the years which preceded the war, the Government did its best to substitute "official" for private charity. The tendency still exists, but the tremendous demands created by new circumstances favored the development of individual charitable work suggested and directed by Catholics. Thus, although the French Red Cross Society gratefully acknowledges the assistance rendered it by Protestant and Jewish associations, the majority of its workers are devout and practical Catholics. The seminaries and convents of the diocese of Paris were from the outset of the war put at the disposal of the military and Red Cross authorities for the use of the wounded. M. Delay emphasizes the utter absence of bitterness with which the religious, banished and robbed by the French Government, forgot their grievances. The men eagerly flocked back to serve as soldiers or chaplains, the women with the same generosity took their stand at the bedside of the wounded soldiers.

M. Delay furnishes some interesting details with regard to the military chaplains. At one time before the war there were four chaplains for an army corps, that is to say, one chaplain for 40,000 men. The presence of 22,000 clerics under the colors in war-time brought a religious element within reach of the troops, but the soldier-priests had military duties to perform, and their apostolate was thereby hampered. In August, 1914, M. Viviani, then President of the Council, yielding to the pressure brought upon him by Count de Mun, consented to permit volunteer chaplains, if approved by the ecclesiastical and military authorities, to proceed to the front. He objected, however, that there was no fund

out of which they might be paid. A popular subscription was immediately opened, which in the space of a few days brought in \$20,000. Since the death of Count de Mun, his noble work has been carried on by M. Geoffroy de Grandmaison, who directs the "bureau" where volunteer chaplains offer their services. Many of these heroes have been mentioned in dispatches and have received the highest military rewards for gallantry. These chaplains are now paid by the Government. By doing so, it has recognized the value of the moral influence that keeps up the soldier's courage and fosters the spirit of sacrifice.

Germany.—Germany is apparently little concerned with the prospect of "war after the war" as threatened by the Allies and discussed in their economic conference at Paris. Her merchants believe that artificial barriers will have to yield to natural demands and advantages.

The Merchant Marine

They have therefore developed an enormous activity in their ship-building industry and all the existing yards are crowded with orders for at least two years to come. To the ships now under construction or already completed must be added those in neutral waters which, with the exception of such as are interned in the tropics, are available for immediate service on the return of peace. At the present moment the North German Lloyd, according to the statement made by its director, Herr Heineken, would be able to resume service with virtually the same tonnage as before the war, new construction having balanced the tonnage destroyed or captured. Germany realizes that ships which have been requisitioned for military purposes by the various European governments cannot immediately be ready for ordinary traffic and that companies with tonnage afloat will therefore have an immeasurable advantage. Herr Heineken strongly insists, however, that there is no basis for the apprehension, often expressed in American papers, that Germany might unload large quantities of low-priced goods on the American market. He says:

Post-bellum traffic will be largely one-way traffic at first. German ships, for example, will be able to load for America a certain amount of potash, dyestuffs and so forth, but this will not counterbalance the cotton, tobacco, copper and other raw materials which will be imported immediately from America. Only after the arrival of these raw materials and the reconversion of our industries to a peace basis will cargoes of manufactured articles be ready for shipment.

Like Germany, all Europe will call upon us for raw materials and seek to replenish its exhausted stock.

Owing to the abundance of the new crops the price of bread has been reduced at Berlin to seventeen cents for a four-pound loaf, a price which the German papers remark, is less than that charged in England. Other reductions have likewise been made. The Overseas

News Agency announces:

The price of oats has been lowered from 45 pfennigs a pound

retail to 28 pfennigs, and peeled barley from 40 pfennigs to 30 pfennigs. The newspapers report that the price of potatoes will be lowered during the winter, the municipalities having voted considerable funds to this end. The press expresses satisfaction with the measures taken.

Reduction of prices for certain kinds of meat are announced to take place soon.

Hungary.—The Opposition party in the Hungarian Diet is daily losing strength and influence. Its main contention was that Baron von Burian, the Foreign Minister, and Premier Tisza, had neglected their duty in not taking proper

*Opposition to
Premier Tisza*

military precautions to forestall the Rumanian invasion of Transylvania, and in failing to warn the population in time to save crops and cattle. In answer to the Opposition's interpellation upon this question Count Tisza stated that the Austro-Hungarian Government had been perfectly familiar with the attitude of Bucharest and looked for a declaration of war, but that the action of the Rumanian Government had been precipitated by the Entente before Rumania herself was quite prepared, as developments in Dobrudja had shown. Austria-Hungary had made all possible preparations for Rumania's declaration of war. His masterly defense of the Vienna Foreign Office, the General Staff and of his own party disarmed his opponents. The demands of the Opposition are constantly lessening and it is probable that the storm will pass leaving everything unchanged. The populace is indifferent to the dispute in the Diet and weary of the wrangling of these "patriots in different uniforms."

Ireland.—A "White Paper" recently issued, giving Irish emigration statistics, shows that the number of emigrants who left Ireland during the year 1915 was the lowest recorded since the col-

Emigration Statistics

lection of emigration returns, which began in 1851. The total number of emigrants during last year was 10,792, viz., 6,671 males and 4,121 females. Of the males 6,567, and of the females 4,092 were natives of Ireland, the total number of these 10,659 being equivalent to a rate of 2.4 per 1,000 of the estimated population, and showing a decrease of 9,655 as compared with the year 1914. Since 1851, 4,309,300 emigrants, natives of Ireland, left Irish ports. The natives of Ireland who left the country last year include 2,905 from Leinster, an increase of 45 over 1914; 1,550 from Munster, a decrease of 4,102; 3,790 from Ulster, a decrease of 2,822; 2,414 from Connaught, a decrease of 2,776. Of the persons who left Ireland last year, 83.6 per cent were between the ages of 15 and 35, compared with 86.6 per cent in 1914. Of the 6,671 male emigrants 759 were described as married or widowers. Some 7,761 of the total emigrants embarked for the British Colonies or foreign countries, and 2,898 for Great Britain, with the intention of settling

there. The United States was the destination of 3,681 emigrants in 1915, compared with a yearly average of 19,877 for the four preceding years.

Italy.—The importance of a more vigorous endeavor to intensify all kinds of industrial activity is now keenly felt in Italy, as in almost all European countries. Italian

*The Wastes of the
Campagna*

statesmen and economists realize that such an intensification must extend itself to Italy's main source of wealth and revenue, agriculture. In Rome, according to the correspondent of the Dublin *Irish Catholic*, the necessity of efforts in this direction has turned the attention of trained specialists to the vast, thinly inhabited region known as the Roman Campagna, the chief part of which stretches out between Rome, the Sabine hills on one side, and the Alban hills and the sea coast on the other. The greater part of this tract lies untillied in the hands of proprietors who take no pains to render it fruitful. The question is now asked: What is to be done with the Roman Campagna in order to make it yield its quota of agricultural produce? Evidently, it must be put in the hands of those who will work it. To secure that end, State aid seems to be necessary, and the question has arisen as to the manner in which the State should assist. Some have made the rather radical suggestion that the only way is expropriation and the subsequent allotment of the land to small peasant proprietors. The claim is made that as long as it is held by a few rich landowners, the land will remain useless, consequently the only solution is to take it out of their hands and to give it to those who will till it. This solution is meeting with opposition, because it does not appear to meet the difficulty and is considered unfair by more conservative Italians. Many interested in the discussion consider that the present owners are better able to obtain the required result, for a small system of peasant proprietorship is not likely to succeed where there is question of reclaiming such extensive wastes as are to be found in the Campagna. Whatever solution is adopted, Italian statesmen, sociologists and economists and the people at large would welcome any energetic move to make what is now a barren waste, a tolerably productive tract of country.

Mexico.—The Mexican-American Commission is still sitting at New London—as yet nothing else has been accomplished—but the press has finally announced that the Commission is "on the verge of

Present Conditions

action." Apparently the Mexicans are insisting on the immediate withdrawal of Pershing's troops as a condition of further discussion. Nothing, however, is known for certain, unless credence can be placed in the repeated dispatches from New London to the effect that the American commissioners know nothing about Mexican affairs and are under the tutelage of the Mexican conferees. Mexico itself shows little sign of improvement. Carranza is still

issuing arbitrary decrees and eight "Chiefs," exclusive of Carranza, are carrying on revolutions in different parts of the unhappy country. "Independence Day" was celebrated on September 16. The dispatches announced that the "First Chief" appeared on the balcony of the palace, the evening before, ringing the independence bell, but he was absent from the celebration itself "on account of a slight cold." He has issued a decree calling for a revision of several articles of the plan of Guadalupe, drawn up December 12, 1914. The decree also provides for the election of members to Congress, whose first session is announced for October 15. Each State and Territory shall elect a deputy and a sub-deputy for every 70,000 inhabitants, and an additional deputy, if the fraction above 70,000 exceeds two-sevenths of that number. Any State or Territory not having 70,000 inhabitants is entitled to elect one deputy and one sub-deputy. Those who opposed Carranza with arms are not eligible to office. A "Constitutional Assembly," for the reform of the Constitution, will be convoked on November 20, probably at Queretaro. After the reforms have been enacted, a presidential election will be held.

How lawless Mexico really is may be judged from a speech of the Minister of Justice, Roque Estrada, to the newly appointed civil judges of Mexico City. The Minister told the judges there *were no laws in Mexico*, therefore the judges should *use their discretion* in deciding cases, but they should always remember that their *first duty was to carry out the aims of the Carranza régime and the ideals of the revolution*. Villa continues to be a torment. Up to date he has cost the United States over \$100,000,000, and one report has it that he is now costing this country \$2,000,000 a day. As usual he continues to be surrounded and slain, by Carranza's dispatches. On Friday, September 15, a wire stated that Carranza's "loyal troops were tightening their grip on Villa." On Saturday, September 16, the expectant world was informed that Villa attacked Chihuahua City with 600 men, penetrated part of the city, but was finally driven off. The general value of statements sent out by the Carranzistas can be judged from the subjoined letter:

The glowing accounts about Carranza's progress, sent out from here amuse us immensely. They give the impression that all is peace and prosperity, whereas in reality Mexico is war-ridden and miserable in the extreme. For good or evil Diaz still continues his triumphal march. He is now master of Chiapas, Tapachula excepted: Oaxaca State is overrun by his troops and he is at present besieging Oaxaca City. Besides this he practically controls Tabasco and the Gulf of Tehuantepec side of the Isthmus, except Salina Cruz. I cannot account for his rapid progress, for he seems to have very little money. However, he has gained the confidence of a large number of our people. Unlike the Carranzistas, his men are not bandits, they do not steal and murder and outrage our women. Moreover, they respect religion: in short they are men, not brutes, and observe the ordinary decencies of life.

But I am wandering from my subject which is Carranza's progress. So, "back to my mutton." Besides Diaz, there are

several other "Chiefs" in the field. The Arrieta brothers are still far from conquered; in fact they control one State. In Jalisco there are 2,000 men in arms, under the leadership of a real "fire-brand"; Tampico is completely under the control of Pelayez who is protecting the oil wells, and then there are the Zapata brothers who with their hordes are infesting the hills not far from Mexico City. Such is Carranza's boasted progress, a paper affair invented to impress your new Commission which, by the way, is an object of no little merriment here. Not one of the Americans serving knows our problems, and imagine it! They are to be instructed by three radicals who represent Carranza, the leader of less than two per cent of our people. This is democracy for you; this is the liberty which your intruding statesmen are to give us. Poor Mexico! A heavy heel is on its neck, and peace will not come till that heel is lifted.

Now about our prosperity. It is just as real as the peace which we are enjoying. Our country is bankrupt; factories are deserted, fields and orchards are ruined, people are hungry and sick and oh, so unhappy. Typhus, and we fear yellow fever, are common, and the fault is not ours; all this misery and murder and rape and blasphemy would not have been, but for your interference in our affairs. Pardon my language; my heart is full. Of course here we dare not say a word. Not a syllable may be uttered or printed against the great "First Chief." The firing squad is always ready and willing. No doubt you know that executions still go on merrily. Some sixty Legalistas were shot in Durango not long since. Recently there has been some talk of a constitutional assembly, for the reform of our constitution. You know what that means. If you do not, just look back over Carranza's career and recall that I wrote you not long since that religion is still outraged.

This pathetic letter is in reality not the expression of an individual, but the cry of a nation.

Spain.—According to the statistics gathered by our Consul-General at Barcelona, Carl Bailey Hurst, the Spanish merchant marine comprised on January 1, 1915,

<i>The Merchant Marine</i>	217 sailing vessels, with a total tonnage of 29,118, and 640 steamers with a total tonnage of 875,609.
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Since 1914 there has been a slight decrease of sailing vessels, but steamers have increased from 628 to 640. During the past five years there has been an increase of ninety in the latter class of vessels. Most of the Spanish steamship companies have also increased their tonnage considerably during the same time, so that on January 1, 1915, the total tonnage of the steamers of the merchant marine amounted to 875,609, compared with 697,928 on January 1, 1910. Over one-third of these vessels are engaged in trans-oceanic navigation, the rest being restricted to the coastwise trade. The number of persons engaged in the merchant marine at present is estimated to be about 5,000 officers, such as captains, engineers, doctors, pursers, and chaplains, and some 25,000 others holding subordinate positions, besides fishermen and longshoremen. Fifteen years ago the Spanish merchant marine occupied the sixth place in comparison with other nations, but in recent years while other nations have increased their merchant marine rapidly, Spanish shipping has fallen in 1914 to the twelfth place on the list.

TOPICS OF INTEREST**Decadence in America**

TRAINED as we have been by the spirit of our time to think always of progress, it is difficult to consider decadence as the prime fact of history. Even if ready to accept such a fact we should still be likely to feel that our own time and country must surely be exceptions to the rule.

Mr. Gilbert Chesterton once said, I believe, that the trouble with us is that we do not think ourselves as in relation to time at all. We forget that a scant fifty years hence, our own period will be a past generation to be looked at with pity because it did not live to see the glorious progress of a half century later. Just think for a moment how pathetically we view the folk of the mid-nineteenth century. Yet they thought themselves most wonderful people. Remember there is a generation living which thinks of itself "as twentieth century," and is glad indeed that it did not have to live in that nineteenth century of which you and I thought so much in our earlier years.

Above all we Americans do not like to think seriously that decadence can ever overtake our nation and our people. Decadence may have come in the past, but that was because people lacked the sterling qualities that we possess and did not enjoy the precious heritage of liberty in a great republic so favored by Providence that it has the opportunity to spread untrammelled almost over a whole continent and to carry with it all the blessings of life.

Yet we have in America abundant evidence of the tendency among our people to go down hill rather than up, whenever circumstances are such that the struggle for life takes the place of living for the benefit of others. Recent studies of what has been called Appalachian America have shown elements of disillusion and decay lurking in the midst even of the overflowing life of America with all its apparent incentives to higher things. For there has been among us for nearly two centuries, in the heart of our free America, a people who in spite of all the opportunities afforded them have been in the midst of the most serious decadence.

Appalachian America represents the mountain ends of some seven or eight States, the western parts of Virginia and the Carolinas, the southern and eastern parts of West Virginia, the eastern ends of Kentucky and Tennessee, and the northern portions of Georgia and Alabama. In this mountain region there is the purest race of Americans to be found in this country. More sons and daughters of the Revolution could be quite legitimately recruited in these mountain regions than in any corresponding area in the country. The ancestors of these mountaineers left the eastern seaboard during the second half of the eighteenth century. They were descendants

in the second and third generation of sturdy English, Scotch and Irish pioneers who had come over from the old country, made for themselves a home in the southern States and proudly saw their sons and daughters wander farther west to create homes in the wilderness.

It is natural to expect that with the stern upbringing incidental to pioneer conditions and with the freedom assured by American liberties, these mountaineers would resemble by this time the Swiss in Europe, those hardy people who in the midst of trying physical factors have done so much during the present world-war to keep alive the spirit of humanity in its highest expression. So different, however, has been the actual development in our mountain regions, that Appalachian America only too conclusively shows how easily decadence may affect even a free people.

It is estimated that there are now some 3,000,000 Americans, some estimates put the number as high as 4,000,000, in these mountain regions. The groups have been living to a large extent segregated from each other. It is with difficulty that they succeed in getting a bare existence out of their rugged and not very fertile hillsides. Mountain farming is not encouraging at the best, but it is peculiarly difficult in the districts under discussion. However these farmers have large families and sometimes raise ten or more children in a single-roomed or at most a two-roomed hut or cabin. Their clothing is scant and often home-made, and barely sufficient to cover their nakedness in the summer, or to keep them from freezing in the winter.

Above all, these mountain farmers have had very little social life. Their farms were far apart, their struggle for existence unbroken and exhausting. They worked so hard during the day that there was little time for social intercourse; then too life was too serious a thing to be frittered away in social gatherings, once the irrepressible impetus of youth to seek its pleasures in spite of fatigue and difficulty was passed.

It is not surprising that under these circumstances decadence set in and was very marked. These people lost all interest in the intellectual life. The great majority could not read or write and morality yielded before human passion. Feuds became common and occasionally families were engaged in trying to extirpate each other for some fancied wrong, inflicted a generation before. Sexual morality was a little better conserved, but the conditions of life were such in the crowded family quarters that modesty suffered; the normal promptings of conscience were weakened and vice came gradually to wear a less hideous mien.

These people preserved the old language of the Stuart times in England. A recent writer in *Harper's*, in an article entitled "In Shakespeare's America," has discussed the dialect they used and some of the customs they maintained. Some of the older folk still keep "old Christmas" probably as a remnant of the custom brought from England of celebrating Christmas eleven days later than the

rest of Europe. For the Gregorian reform which dropped ten days out of the calendar was adopted by the Catholic countries of Europe before the end of the sixteenth century, but was not accepted in England until the second half of the eighteenth century. When the ancestors of these mountaineers went into the mountains, they celebrated Christmas day on what was to the rest of the world January 5, and there are remnants of this old custom still to be traced. Their language, pronunciation and old-fashioned customs are, however, not an ignorant degeneration but like the Irish brogue a fine preservation of old things.

These people are not different from the rest of Americans in the intellectual powers they possess; but they have lost the habit of using them. What has happened is that the mountain people from sheer necessity have become so absorbed in taking care of their bodies that they have had no time to care for their minds and their souls. Rome's solicitude for the comfort and the pleasure of the body rather than for the mind was the prime factor of Roman decadence. Here also in America in spite of the safeguards against decay that might seem to exist in a great free country, we have a typical example of decadence. The reason is worth finding: it will not be so easy as many people think.

JAMES J. WALSH, M.D., PH.D.

The War and the English Labor Market

THE great war has been fertile in surprises. During long years before it, there had been many forecasts of what the effects of a European war would be upon employment and labor in England. Economists were unanimous in predicting that one of its earliest effects would be a sudden fall in the demand for industrial labor, and consequent, wide-spread destitution among the workers. It was pointed out that, by a declaration of war against another European power and its allies, some of our best markets would be closed to us, and there would be an immediate falling off not only of imports, but of the manufactured goods exported to pay for them. This would mean the closing down of factories, the working of others on short time and the consequent loss of employment to many thousands engaged in manufacturing goods for export, and to thousands more who are normally employed in handling imports and exports for the countries with which we would be at war. This view was so generally accepted that, within a few days of the declaration of war, the Government issued a circular to all the local authorities urging them to put in hand at once any schemes of public improvement, in contemplation, in order to supply work to the men who had been thrown out of employment. Projects had already been elaborated for a great motor road from West London up the Thames valley. It was announced that this work would be begun at once, and would employ many thousands. But as the event proved, the only work done

was the marking out of part of the intended course. Before things went further, it was discovered that the problem would be not to find labor for unemployed people, but to find men enough to deal with work of all kinds on an enormous scale. Instead of unemployment and destitution, there was a temporary dearth of workers and a sudden rise of wages in many trades to an extent that more than compensated the first rise in prices.

This unexpected state of things was produced by several causes. By the end of August, the allied armies in France were in full retreat, and Lord Kitchener had announced that instead of a small expeditionary force, which had been promised and supplied to France, half a million of men must be raised and equipped, as the first instalment of new armies that might eventually enroll millions of soldiers. There was no difficulty about the first enlistments. Men came to the recruiting depots in such crowds that it was hard to equip them.

Thus, hundreds of thousands of men were withdrawn from the labor market, and at the same time large orders were being issued for all kinds of equipments and supplies. But this was not all. In France tens of thousands of men had been sent back from the mobilization centers, because through the neglect of the Government during a long course of years, the proper steps had not been taken to provide equipments for them. France itself could not make good the deficiency. The German invasion had in the first month overrun and taken solid possession of its chief industrial districts. The first orders went to England. To give one instance out of many; Northampton the center of the boot trade, received in a single week orders for half a million pairs of boots.

But this was only the beginning. Before long it was realized that the war was making demands on the factories far in excess of anything that had been anticipated. In former wars, a soldier often went through a year or two of campaigning with the same rifle with which he went to the front. With modern explosives, developing a heat about equal to the melting point of steel, a rifle wears out very rapidly. In the first six months every rifle in the fighting line had to be replaced. The same process had to be carried through with the field artillery. As the armies expanded, hundreds of new guns had to be made, and there was an unexpected demand for enormous quantities of artillery of the heavier types. Then the consumption of ammunition exceeded all anticipation. There have been weeks during the war when between one Sunday and the next more shells have been fired on the British front than were used up during the whole two years of the South African war. There were equally heavy demands for the endless variety of equipments and appliances required by an army in the field. Aeroplanes were all-important, and the test of actual work showed that the life of an aeroplane, apart from accidents, was about three months.

The work of shipyards was also far beyond anything that had been anticipated or provided for. All work on

shipbuilding for commercial purposes had to be suspended almost immediately. The fighting fleets had to be kept in order, warships already under way completed at the utmost speed, and an immense number of ships altered and refitted to convert them into auxiliary cruisers, or to fit them out as transports and hospital ships. The work of repairing the ships of the fleet proved to be very heavy, though months went by without any serious fighting on the sea. The old wooden walls of Nelson's days could be kept in seaworthy order for long months by their own carpenters and riggers. The modern steel warship requires endless minor repairs. This is especially true of the lighter craft. The destroyers, knocking about in wild weather in the North Sea, suffered strains and minor accidents which meant frequent visits to the dockyards to be refitted, and it must be remembered that the work actually done at a dockyard means an immense amount of other work in steelworks and factories all over the country.

Of course much of the material needed was obtained from America and other neutral countries, but it was important to supply as much as possible from British factories. Apart from other considerations, it was more economical to spend money in the country itself than to send it abroad. Thus the position was, that on the one hand the demands on factories of every kind and on the railways and the transport trades were increasing week by week, and at the same time hundreds of thousands of men were ceasing to be industrial workers by incorporation into the army. Under such conditions, there was, of course, a rise in wages. Contract prices were fixed on a liberal and even at times a reckless scale. Employers were competing with each other for the decreased supply of labor. Money was being spent freely by the Government, and though the contractors got the lion's share of it, there was enough left to pay exceptionally high wages. Unemployment and poverty dwindled to a minimum. In the London district, a region of more than a hundred square miles, with a population of 7,000,000, the Poor Law authorities have available about 200,000 beds in workhouses and casual wards, and in peace times in winter all of these are occupied. In the second winter of the war, the number of applicants for places in the casual wards fell below 1,500.

Many middle-class people, with small fixed incomes, found that war times meant financial difficulty. In certain professions, there was a dearth of employment. But the working classes, taken as a whole, were enjoying greater prosperity than had ever been known in the times of peace. Not only was there abundance of employment at good wages, but liberal extra-pay in the form of separation allowances, was given by the War Office to all dependents of soldiers on service. In the first year of the war one heard people saying that "it was too good to last." In places like Birmingham, where the local industries were largely taken up with the supply of arms and equipments, there were stories of the sudden rise to

fortune of small employers who had a workshop of any kind, and of the reckless way in which the employees were spending their easily earned money. Food prices at first rose very little. The worker pays no direct taxation. People left entirely out of sight the fact that the flood of money which was being expended upon government contracts was largely borrowed, and would be a charge upon the industry of the nation for many a long year after the war was over. They mostly thought only of the present, and certainly for the first year of the war, instead of a strain upon the working class, there was an easy time of full employment, good wages, and general prosperity. The forecast of hard times had been utterly falsified.

But one cannot understand the industrial condition of the country by going no further than this surplus survey of it. The new conditions meant a complete change of all the labor arrangements of the times of peace. In order to cope with exceptional demands for the rapid production of enormous quantities of all kinds of manufactured goods, there had to be something like a revolution in accepted labor conditions. And as in the case of temperance legislation, a number of daring experiments had to be made, on which even the most revolutionary of politicians could not have ventured in peace time. I shall examine some of these in my next article.

A. HILLIARD ATTERIDGE.

A Candle to Saint Anne

"**L**AST night I had an adventure," said Morris, the veteran journalist, who has wandered all over the country, a free lance of the press, now a reporter for some great metropolitan daily, again an editor of a little country weekly, then a special correspondent in war time, or, engaged in gathering material for magazines, a traf-ficker in words, keen of mind, facile of pen. "Not a strange experience, at least of late, for to me life has become a book of romance; and a sense of adventure is with me constantly, like the smell of the salt sea as you march over the sand dunes of Monterey or the cranberry bogs of Cape Cod. But first of all, I must go back to where we started; to do this is the great secret of all true stories. It is the secret of the story of the human soul, which is the most fascinating romance in the universe.

"I belong to the most romantic of all professions, and the most sordid and material. But that is another side of it. All my life I have sought for adventure, for the enrichment and strengthening of soul that comes from the stimulation of new and vital interests, thrilling events, fresh experiences. I sought the ever-receding, ever-dawning horizon of a life, not static but dynamic. Anything and everything but the otiose, the formal and un-changing! Like an Athenian of old, I was devoured by the thirst for new things, yet despite exceptional opportunities given me by my profession, the skies were growing leaden, the color was washing out of all flowers, the

tedium of existence was upon me, as the tide of time began to break upon the fatal shoals of my fortieth year,"—Morris ran a stubby finger through the graying fringe of hair that rings his bald skull—"and romance began to be a discredited fable, adventure was impossible. Every door I opened, with the hope that on the other side there might be a trail leading toward new lands, shut me within windowless walls; every path I tried ended in a *cul-de-sac*. So it was with the door marked 'Socialism,' which was to have given me entrance into a new life of service and song. So it was with the door bearing the legend, 'Art for Art's Sake.' Within, there were sights and sounds which when their false magic ebbed were not what decent people could safely hear or see. Then too there was the dusky path at the beginning of which was a sign, 'Occultism.' There were indeed many adventures to be found even a short distance adown that trail; but these adventures belong to that book of which some English writer speaks, Arthur Machen, I believe, 'Memoirs to Prove the Existence of the Devil.' I was forced to withdraw from all these paths and doors; at last, as you know, God opened to me the door of His Church.

"Then a strange thing happened; strange I mean to me; not at all to the Church, which for twenty centuries has been opening its door to all sorts and conditions of men, and which is not easy to surprise. This strange thing was that instead of reaching the climax of my adventure in life, as I somehow expected, I had reached only the beginning of a wonderful, living book of romance. New things crowded in on all sides. The tedium of existence faded away. Fresh interests clamored for attention. Instead of settling down into a rut, in place of accepting the cut-and-dried, and becoming a cog in a formal and unchanging mechanism, as so many of my friends assured me would be my fate, all kinds of discoveries and explorations were awaiting me. Perhaps a man who comes late into the Faith has the special blessing given him of returning in part to his childhood, of seeing things with the light of dawn upon them, and he finds all things in his new House splendidly strange, and wondrous and beautiful. To those born and brought up in that great House no doubt matters proceed more calmly; but I know that for me to enter a new church for the first time is a fascinating adventure, or to visit a seminary, a monastery, a chapel in a Catholic cemetery. Shall I ever forget my first retreat in a Jesuit novitiate, or a clothing ceremony among the Carmelites? I hope and trust not; and all these adventures are but types of those inward voyages of adventure which a passage of St. Teresa will open up for the soul, or the words of some liturgical prayer. There is no end to it; of course not, for it is a foretaste of eternity."

"But the candle to Saint Anne?"

"I am coming to it, fast. There is a local shrine, as you are doubtless aware, erected in honor of St. Anne, the mother of Our Lady. It is in a little church out near

the sand dunes, not far from the Golden Gate, above which the Franciscan Father Palou began the story of San Francisco with a sign of the cross, like a tale of medieval chivalry, or a prayer, when he planted the Cross on Sutro Heights one hundred and fifty years ago, at a time when Washington was fighting King George on the other side of the unexplored continent. Every year there is a Novena to St. Anne in this church, and at the foot of her image there is a pile of crutches and leg-irons left by children who once were cripples. The church cannot begin to hold the people who throng to the Novena. It is a noble sight. Like the rosary procession of the Dominicans, like the wonderful pilgrimage of the Third Order of St. Francis to the grave of Serra a few years ago, like many another sign, it testifies to the strength of Catholicism in California, a land, I like to dream, that some day will be the Ireland, the France, the Italy of the New World in its frank, abounding testimonies to the Faith. It is also a land of paganism, the new paganism but that is another story.

"I happened to be present on the last night of the Novena. A Dominican Father preached, after the prayers; Benediction was to follow, that ineffably beautiful rite. The church blazed with lights; hundreds of candles were burning on the altars and before the shrine, while electric lights supplemented their golden glow with a white flood of brilliancy. How the people prayed! How they vibrated to the words of the preacher! Faith filled them; faith thrilled them; faith lifted their minds and hearts toward Almighty God. Then, all of a sudden, the electric lights went out, producing a queer, silent shock in all of us, a sense of uneasy surprise, even a sort of fear. For the preacher had told us in heart-born language of the raging world without the sanctuary: the battlefields of Europe and Asia, the desolated and violated holy places of Mexico, the unrest and the poverty and the crime and the ungodliness of our own dear land, and, as he spoke, our thoughts were busy with the horror of a few days before, when the anarchist's bomb exploded in the 'preparedness parade' on Market Street. It was like a sort of omen, this dying of the light. But that feeling quickly fled.

"Had we been in almost any other place than this, we might have been in darkness, plunged in fright, perhaps crushing each other in panic. But the candles to St. Anne, the candles burning before the Lord of St. Anne, our Lord as well, these candles were still burning; these candles, lighted in the catacombs, that had burned down twenty centuries of time before the door to eternity! And how much more beautiful was this light! How much more living! Electric light is cold and unfaltering and unchanging, like death, and selfishness, and pride of intellect; but candles are warm, and quick, and meek, constant as love. They burned in their glory and their golden peace. Fled was the garish artificial glare. Marvelously efficient, no doubt, is electricity; but how dispensable, how uninspiring! How little the Church

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really needs it! Now I understand the edict from Rome which banishes it from the altar. How impossible to use an electric light bulb as a figure of sanctity, as a symbol of a soul; but how natural to use candles in imaging the Saints! Mary herself was a candle spent for Christ, a holy woman has written; and the spirits of the just upon earth burn themselves out upon the altar of service to the Lord.

"Then, in the midst of the soft and shimmering beauty of the sacred glow, the *O Salutaris Hostia* was sung and the living God shone upon His adoring worshippers; and I, the wanderer who had found my home, thanked Him as I bowed my head for all His goodness, mindful too that among the candles there burned one for me, in honor of St. Anne, mother of Mary, through whom we reach Christ."

MICHAEL WILLIAMS.

Mayor Mitchel's "Conspiracy" Collapses

THIS story has three parts. The first tells how on May 23, 1916, Mayor John Purroy Mitchel proclaimed to a startled city his discovery of a "conspiracy." The second relates how on July 17, not the Mayor, but the Mayor's faithful henchman, William J. Doherty, swore that to the best of his knowledge and belief this conspiracy was a reality. The third is a brief statement of Judge Greenbaum's decision of September 15, that the "conspiracy" never existed.

On May 23, fateful day, Mayor Mitchel publicly accused the Catholic Church of attempting to seize the government of the city of New York. (New York Times, May 24). This accusation was fitly accompanied by some claptrap oratory, but by no proof. On May 24, the Mayor changed the indictment. "It was not the Catholic Church," he said, "which has so conspired to pervert justice and to obstruct or control government but a small group within the Church. . . . It is this group that I charge with conspiracy." (New York Tribune, May 25). Then began the process of "trying the case in the newspapers," now so familiar to every New Yorker. Shaking a sheaf of messages, tapped from the telephone wires of private citizens, before the faces of the Thompson Committee, the Mayor announced that these would "tear things wide open." But the Committee was not impressed. A few days previously, the Mayor had appeared before the Kings County Grand Jury, with a similar sheaf. That body promptly indicted the Mayor's Commissioner of Charities, John A. Kingsbury, and the Commissioner's counsel, William H. Hotchkiss, for felony and misdemeanor. The patient Committee listened as the excited Mayor read his "phonograms." They were not the "originals," nor even a certified copy. The Mayor could not swear that they told the truth. He admitted that they were not legal evidence. At the close of the sitting, Mr. Frank Moss, the Committee's counsel thus expressed himself:

It is an insult to the intelligence of even a layman, for the

graduate of a law school and member of the bar of this city to say that even a yellow dog could be convicted on the evidence the Mayor has submitted to support his charges of conspiracy. (Brooklyn Standard Union, May 29.)

On June 14, the Mayor laid a formal complaint before District Attorney Swann. He claimed that "the Government of this city . . . in the course of the discharge of its official duties" in connection with the Charities Investigation, "has developed the evidence of specific breaches of the penal law." In an accompanying letter, Police Commissioner Woods stated the specific charges to be "perjury, conspiracy to publish a criminal libel, criminal libel, conspiracy to obstruct justice and the due administration of the laws." This was very terrifying, but the head of the "conspirators," Monsignor Dunn, Chancellor of the diocese of New York, immediately wrote that "we gladly welcome any investigation that the District Attorney may see fit to make, and we will render him any assistance in our power," (New York Times, June 15), and his fellow-conspirator, the Rev. William B. Farrell, all unmindful of his duty as a disciple of the mask and dark lantern, issued a similar statement. Mr. Swann at once undertook to press the case vigorously, and although, on June 22, Chief Justice Clarke appointed Supreme Court Justice Samuel A. Greenbaum to preside at an open hearing of Mayor Mitchel's charges, the case could not be reached until July 17.

It should be remembered that the accusations of perjury, conspiracy and libel had been made and repeated, publicly and with emphasis, by no other person than Mayor Mitchel. It was Mayor Mitchel who had deliberately charged the Catholic Church with conspiracy, and certain of his "coreligionists," a word for which he betrays an unaccountable fondness, with an unhallowed attempt to obstruct the process of justice in New York. It was Mayor Mitchel who received with much complacency the fulsome panegyrics of such publications as the *Evening Post*, its barnacle, the *Nation*, the *Outlook* and the *Survey*, which hailed him as the brave defender of the rights of the State against designing churchmen, and of helpless children in sore bondage to cruel or ignorant keepers. It was to Mayor Mitchel that the Committee of One Hundred, of Twenty-nine and like organizations, addressed their letters in praise of the Mayor's "bold and courageous stand." It was Mayor Mitchel who had sneeringly referred to the sworn statement of God-fearing, hard-working, pure-living men like Monsignor Dunn and Father Farrell, as "what you would expect of men accused of crime." Finally, it was Mayor Mitchel who, after his discovery that conspiracy menaced the peace and dignity of the city of New York, announced that if given the opportunity, he would "tear things wide open."

But it was not Mayor Mitchel, given the opportunity he sought, who appeared before Judge Greenbaum to swear to the truth of the grave accusations contained in his letter and enclosure of June 14. What happened

at the opening of the hearings is thus described by the *Brooklyn Times* of July 17:

"We assume," said Mr. Talley, "that the complaint has been signed by the Mayor." It was at this point that it became known that *the complaint had not been signed even at that time.* . . . It was expected up to the last moment that Mayor Mitchel would sign the complaint, and it was not until 10:10 today, in the court room, and before Judge Greenbaum, that Doherty (Deputy Commissioner of Charities) affixed his signature to the complaint, which is based on information and belief in many of its allegations. Doherty looked pale as he went into the enclosure. He was nervous too, and when he signed the three complaints, the clerk of the court called his attention to the fact that he had omitted his signature to one of the documents.

An editorial comment in the *Brooklyn Standard Union* of July 18, is not without point and interest:

But the Mayor weakened. The erstwhile lion roared as gently as any sucking dove. He could not be induced to swear to any charges of any sort whatever. . . . He had made charges of the most serious kind by word of mouth, and even in writing, but when it came to swearing to and making himself responsible for the charges, Mr. Mitchel prudently stepped to the rear.

Here the "courageous" Mayor, the idol of "Committees" and the bright and guiding star of the *Evening Post* quietly fades from the film, and is seen no more. Bidding adieu to committee bluster and official ravings, our story now takes its color from the hearings before Judge Greenbaum. The informations sworn to by Mr. Doherty are thus stated in Judge Greenbaum's "Dismissal of the Charges":

One against Robert W. Hebberd, Daniel C. Potter, (Rev.) William B. Farrell, and (Rt. Rev.) John J. Dunn, charging them with the commission of a conspiracy in perverting and obstructing justice and the due administration of the laws; three against Farrell, Potter and Dunn for criminal libel by reason of the alleged publication of various pamphlets; one against Hebberd for perjury.

From the outset it was obvious that the "conspirators" demanded and would accept nothing less than a complete and most searching examination. When on July 20, Mr. William Butler refused to answer a question urged by the prosecution, on the ground that since he had been Father Farrell's attorney, their communications were privileged, Father Farrell at once arose to give Mr. Butler "full permission to tell of any communications that passed between us." (*Brooklyn Times*, July 21). Similarly, when the prosecution rested its case, "Alfred J. Talley, for the defendants, announced that he would make no motion to dismiss the complaint. The defense would not even take advantage of its privilege to make a statement immune from cross-examination. The defense wished the charges thoroughly thrashed out." (*Brooklyn Standard Union*, July 24). These certainly are not actions which bespeak guilt. The Mayor clamored for a chance to urge his grievances. He can never complain that he did not get it.

The hearings ended on July 28, when Judge Green-

baum ordered both sides to submit briefs on August 7. The decision was handed down on September 15. As the learned Judge remarks in his "Dismissal," the thoroughness which marked the case was not characteristic of the "customary procedure before committing magistrates." Had the information been sustained, it would have been his duty to direct an action by the Grand Jury, which would then find at its discretion. *But not a single information was held sufficient.* The decision in the charge of conspiracy against Monsignor Dunn, Father Farrell, Dr. Potter, (lately deceased) and Mr. R. W. Hebberd, is that: "The evidence being insufficient in law and upon the facts to support an indictment for conspiracy, the information on that behalf must be dismissed." As to the accusation that Commissioner Kingsbury and Mr. Doherty had been criminally libeled by Monsignor Dunn, Father Farrell and Dr. Potter, Judge Greenbaum rules ". . . the conclusion is inevitable that the publications were not issued with malice or criminal intent, and hence the information charging them with criminal libel must be dismissed." Finally on the charge of perjury, "The information against Hebberd must be dismissed."

The press reports sent from New York, as published in the *Chicago Tribune*, for instance, say that "their (the priests') counter-accusations against Police Commissioner Woods were also dismissed." This is a serious error. The "Dismissal" states plainly that the charges against Mr. Woods had no connection whatever with the Charities Investigation; they were preferred, moreover, not by "priests," but by a local labor leader, Mr. P. J. Brady.

This is but a sober narrative not calling for comment, yet room may be found for Father Farrell's succinct analysis of the whole affair:

"There was no conspiracy in the Church. There was no conspiracy among the men named in the Mayor's charges. There was no desire to libel any one, and there was no perjury."

Thus is the specter laid of the Church's conspiracy to obstruct justice in the city of New York. It now departs to find a welcome from those controversialists whose chief argument is a sounding lie.

PAUL L. BLAKELY, S.J.

An Exhibition of Manuscripts and Printed Books

THE exhibition of rare ancient manuscripts and early printed books, now on view in the New York Public Library at Fifth Avenue and Forty-second Street, though small is one of great interest. The main exhibits will have a special interest for Catholics, as they comprise a choice selection of liturgical books, and a copy of the first Catholic English version of the New Testament printed from movable type.

Among the most ancient specimens on exhibition are clay cylinders bearing cuneiform inscriptions. There is a portion of a Babylonian cylinder of about the date

2600 B. C., and a tablet from Nineveh, with an account of King Sardanapalus, which was inscribed between the years 885-860 B. C. Ancient Hebrew scrolls and amulets, Persian and Arabic manuscripts, together with Burmese and Sumatran writings on fan-like books made of bark, represent the literature of varying ages and religious systems.

The collection of illuminated liturgical books, ranging in size from the small sextodecimo to the full folio, shows some of the choicest examples of the splendid work that issued from the scriptoriums of Europe before the coming of the printing-press. It is true the collection does not tend much towards throwing any light on the history or development of the art of illumination, as the books on exhibition are mostly of the fifteenth century. But the manuscripts are notable for two things: they show no traces of the classical influence of the Renaissance, but all reveal the common spirit that seems to have dominated these old Catholic writers and painters. They belong as a rule to the same century, but they are the work of artists living in different countries, who nevertheless all manifest the same spirit in their work.

There is one instance, however, in which the traces of Renaissance influence are unmistakable; it is a folio volume on vellum of illuminations of the life of Christ as described by the Evangelists. The artist was one Giulio Clovio, and he shows in his work none of the air of spiritual seclusion that abounds in the productions of the monastic scribes, rather he revels in the spirit of humanism that was so marked a feature of all the work of the Renaissance artists. The contrast between this folio and the earlier manuscripts is both instructive and interesting.

One of the most interesting of the many books in this collection is an "Apocalypsis Sancti Johannis," an illuminated version of the Apocalypse from the Abbey of Citeaux of which the "Mellifluous Doctor," St. Bernard, was at one time a novice. A Roman Missal dating from 1416-1420, the work of a scribe in the Upper Rhine district, is also a wonderful piece of workmanship.

A manuscript labeled "Latin Psalter" is in reality a Graduale. It is open at the office for All Saints Day, and begins with the familiar Introit, *Gaudeamus omnes*. This is a fine example of fourteenth-century work, and a comparison of the music of the Mass in that century with that in the latest edition of the "Graduale Vaticanum" will show that the modern editors have got back very close to the early text. As a matter of fact, a Catholic musician will find a study of the pieces of chant visible in the glass cases a musical treat that will powerfully arouse his interest in plain song.

Two books of large size, evidently made for the lectern of some monastic choir, are an Antiphonale of the fifteenth century, and a folio Graduale that bears the date 1494. The former of these two books is richly illuminated, and lies open at the pages marking the feast of the Assumption, with the music for the first three antiphons

at Lauds. The Graduale has on one page the conclusion of the office for Holy Saturday, and at the top right-hand page begins the Mass of Easter, *Resurrexi et adhuc sum tecum*.

Among the smaller books of devotion and for liturgical use are several Latin prayer books and books of hours. One very interesting book is a "Horæ Beatæ Mariæ Virginis" according to the Roman use, and composed in the fifteenth century; it is evidently the book of hours of some private person. In the same case is an Antiphonale that has a fine example of illumination of St. John Baptist. The illustration occupies a full page, but the antiphon below, *Inter natos mulierum*, points to the fact of its being intended for the feast of the Nativity of St. John Baptist.

A book that will have a peculiar interest of its own is a quarto volume which is described as a Latin Psalter, occupying the same case as the manuscripts just mentioned. The book is open at what on examination proves to be the Office for the Dead. The large initial letter at the beginning of the Office may have some liturgical significance. It represents a burial. The body is wrapped round and round with bands of linen or some other white material, and is being lowered into the grave by two men, one of whom is clad in bright scarlet. The priest, who is reading the office of burial, and his assistant are wearing surplices that reach down to their feet, and, very curiously, bright blue copes. This may be due to some fantastical idea of the scribe, or, on the other hand, it may have reference to some local use in which bright blue was used as a liturgical color at a funeral. Another thing that is worthy of notice is that the Psalm which follows after the antiphon in the text contains in the second half of the third verse an omission, which may be due either to an oversight on the part of the scribe or may be a peculiar version of the Psalm. The verse of the Psalm is as follows: *Circumdederunt me dolores mortis: et pericula (inferni) invenerunt me*. "The sorrows of death have compassed me: and the perils (of hell) have found me." The word in brackets is omitted in the manuscript version of the Psalm. One of the very latest examples of the work of the scriptorium is a book of Epistles and Gospels that was written in the sixteenth century; this was just before the printing-press did away entirely with the work of the scribes.

The early examples of work done with movable type include what are known as block-books. The "Biblia Pauperum" or "Poor Man's Bible" is one of these. It represents generally the life of Christ in pictures, and there is an explanation in the text. The collection includes one of the oldest European block-books. Each page of the book is engraved from a single block of wood, that is, the text and the illustration were carved on the same block. When the block was ready for printing, the surface was covered with brown ink, and then the sheet of paper taken by hand and pressed on the block, the other side of the sheet being left blank. Some of the block-

books are illustrated in brown cuts, in others the brown ink outline has been colored by hand, a process that looks much like the old chap-books.

Besides the "Poor Man's Bible" there are other interesting block-books. There is an "Apocalypsis Sancti Johannis" that was done in Germany about 1400, a piece of work that looks quite fresh and new today. Among the early Bibles are the famous Mazarin Bible, which was printed in black letter at Mainz in 1453-1455 by Gutenberg and Faust. The initials are hand illuminated. A Latin Bible printed at Strassburg in 1465 by Heinrich Eggestein has the initial letter of each sentence filled in by colored hand-work.

In an early edition of the "Meditations of Juan de Torquemada," printed at Rome in 1473, there are some curious woodcuts, which suggest that they have been adapted by the engraver from some older colored illuminations. A curious and interesting book is one entitled "Dat Duytsche Passionail," which has the appearance of being an early edition of the Lives of the Saints in Dutch or Flemish. Two curious woodcuts show St. Felix, wearing a mitre and a voluminous surplice, sitting upon a stone seat, with one man holding a large nail to his left breast, which another man is preparing to drive in by means of a mallet which he is swinging. The other cut, which is prefaced by the caption, *Dye legend van sent Anthonius abt ynde monninek*, shows St. Anthony kneeling with his back to a church or hermitage, and being beaten by two demons, one of whom has cloven hoofs and goat's horns; both the demons hold clubs.

There are several examples of early work by Caxton, and an edition of Chaucer's Canterbury Tales, printed at London in 1490. The collection of Bibles includes a copy of the Bishops' Bible, of Cranmer's Bible, and a so-called Wyclif New Testament dating from 1380. This is one of the earliest versions of the Bible in English. There is also a copy of the "Wicked Bible," a version of the Protestant Bible printed in London in 1631 by Robert Parker. It obtained its name because by a printer's error the word "not" was omitted in the fourteenth verse of the twentieth chapter of the Book of Exodus. There is also a copy of the first Catholic version of the New Testament printed in English. It bears on the title page the imprint, "Printed at Rhemes by John Fogy 1582."

The collection of Americana, which is on exhibition in the same room, is of the greatest historical interest, and should not be missed by any who are able to get to the Public Library.

HENRY C. WATTS.

COMMUNICATIONS

Catholic School Agencies Needed

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Granted that a sacred obligation rests on Catholic parents of giving their children a Catholic education, why do not Catholic educational institutions show intelligent interest in securing the enrolment of Catholic students? Twice within my own ex-

perience I have found Catholic parents about to send their sons to a non-Catholic university. To prevent this, if possible, I wrote personally to a Catholic university, asking for information: My request was ignored. Recently I was in a position to observe the workings of a most important school agency. I was surprised at the number of well-to-do Catholic parents who apply to this agency for advice as to the schools to which they should send their children. The agency's policy is never to recommend a Catholic school, unless one is insisted upon, in which case only one Catholic school is recommended along with two or three non-Catholic schools. A natural result of this policy is that children of well-to-do Catholic parents are sent to non-Catholic schools. The agency's explanation of its failure to recommend Catholic schools even to Catholic parents is that Catholic schools do not show any capacity for the business of securing students and are devoid of business courtesies.

The number of young men and women from the Spanish-speaking countries of North and South America sent to the United States each year to be "Americanized" is large and constantly growing. Because the parents of these young men and women resort for advice to non-Catholic school agencies, openly profess indifference in matters of religion, and often express a preference for non-Catholic schools, their children, who will form the upper or governing class of their respective countries, are being "Americanized" in non-Catholic schools, without being brought, as a rule, under the influence of the Catholic Faith, or trained in its practice. The Catholic Church in the United States would do well to establish a Catholic school agency, to be conducted along business lines, and to extend its operations to the Spanish-speaking countries of North and South America.

Montclair, N. J.

STEPHEN PLUNKETT.

The Genesis of Barclay Street

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Some notes on the evolution of Barclay Street as the national center of the Catholic publishing trade, contributed to AMERICA for August 12, have received the compliment of a very generous reception from your esteemed contemporaries. May I comment on two paragraphs I find printed as far apart as Sacramento, California and London, Canada? In the *Catholic Herald* of the former city, the editor writes:

AMERICA gives a long list of Catholic publishers in New York and a synopsis of their achievements. To its discredit be it said that the name of Collier's was not found entitled to a place in that record.

The inclusion of the exploiter of the "Five Foot Shelf" in the "list of Catholic publishers" would certainly be an achievement worthy of the ethics of Roaring Camp, Poker Flat and the "glorious climate of California."

The editor of the *Catholic Record* of London, apropos of Barclay Street, devotes two columns of most entertaining notes and comments on pioneer Catholic publishers and their productions, in the course of which he says:

Mr. Meehan is not altogether correct in placing New York's first Catholic book as in 1807. In 1805 there was printed in Brooklyn, by T. Kirk, for Campbell and Mitchell, a New Testament which bears the imprint: "D. Smith and B. Dornin." Brooklyn was not then included in New York city it is true, but its present status in Greater New York should not exclude its achievements in the book-publishing line.

I am always grateful for correction, but my understanding of this objection is that the Brooklyn Testament was not a Catholic, but the Protestant version. Dornin's name in the imprint means that he was merely a trade agent who sold the

book at his store, one of the few book-shops then in New York. If the editor of the *Record* can show that this assumption is not correct he will make a valuable contribution to our historical data.

New York.

THOMAS F. MEEHAN.

"Blest" or "Bless-ed"

To the Editor of AMERICA:

I am one of many who can hardly acquiesce in the statement made by M. L. S., viz., that "Cardinal Gasquet's letter is authoritative and final." It is neither one nor the other. The correct pronunciation of "blessed" is determined by either of two things, by usage or by the application of grammatical principles. As far as usage is concerned, there appears to be no uniformity. I think that it will be generally conceded that in the invocation "Blessed be God," the word "Blessed" is a past participle. Whether the word should be pronounced as a monosyllable or not depends upon the general principle governing the pronunciation of the suffix *d* or *ed* in those verbs whose past participle is formed by adding the said suffix to the present indicative. Such verbs are of two distinct classes: (1) Those whose present indicative ends with the sound of *d* or *t*. (2) Those verbs whose present indicative ends with a sound other than that of the two aforesaid letters. In the case of the former the suffix is undoubtedly pronounced as a distinct syllable, e. g., *added*, *wedded*, *guarded*, *blasted*. The reason is obvious, namely, that otherwise it would be impossible in conversation for the ear to distinguish between the present indicative and the past participle. In the second class of verbs, the suffix does not constitute a distinct syllable. Take a list of verbs ending in any other sound than that of *d* or *t* and the truth of this principle is immediately apparent. We do not say "trac-ed," or "dragg-ed," or "kill-ed," etc., throughout the whole range of alphabetical sounds. Why then should we say "Bless-ed" be God, any more than "Prais-ed" be God, or "Thank-ed" be God?

The argument which is based on the pronunciation of the word in the expression "Blessed Trinity" is no argument at all, for the simple reason that in this and similar expressions, the word is not a part of the verb, but an adjective.

Your correspondent would seem to contend that Cardinal Gasquet should be regarded as an infallible authority in English Grammar because the Holy Father has selected him to "be at the head" of the Commission for the new English translation of the Vulgate. Such a contention would be about as reasonable as it would be to contend that the Secretary of the Holy Office is infallible in matters of faith and morals.

Nova Scotia.

A. R.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In view of the alarm excited in M. L. S. might it not be well to quote exactly what the Oxford Dictionary says about this question? It will be noticed that the Dictionary permits but does not enforce the use of *bless-ed* in liturgy.

The past tense and past participle are now generally spelt *blessed*, though always pronounced (blest) in modern prose; the past participle may be pronounced (blé séd) in verse or liturgical reading. As an adjective *blessed* (blé séd) is now the regular prose form but the archaic *blest* is frequent in verse and traditional phrases as e. g. "the Isles of the Blest." (The Oxford Dictionary, vol. 1, p. 916.)

The accented past participle is a survival of ancient usage. Liturgy is conservative, and, no doubt, the inverted form which is somewhat archaic too, has helped to keep the accented form in use. Many would say "Blesséd be God," but would surely say, "God be blest." Usage will settle this question, and not authority. The pronunciation "blust" is not due to the omission

of the accent. That slovenly pronunciation is just as common with "blusséd." Your readers might be interested in noting an idiomatic use of the word in such phrases as "there is not a blessed egg in the house," a phrase given out once in reading as "blest egg," to the amusement of the listeners.

Worcester.

D. F.

Washington's Hint to Irate Subscribers

To the Editor of AMERICA:

The recent disappearance from the Baltimore Cathedral archives of the autograph letter sent in 1790 by George Washington to his Catholic fellow-citizens, as a reply to their congratulations on his election to the Presidency, recalls the fact that, among the treasures of Holy Cross College, Worcester, is another letter from the pen of the first President. It is addressed to the famous Philadelphia publicist and publisher, Mathew Carey, and was found in Paris by the late Rev. George Goodwin and by him presented to Holy Cross. In it the Father of his Country tells Mr. Carey:

Mount Vernon, 15th Mar., 1785

SIR: I purposed as soon as I understood you intended to become the publisher of a News Paper in Philadelphia to request that a copy of your weekly production might be sent to me—I was the more pleased with this determination when by a letter by my friend the Marquis de la Fayette, I found he has interested himself in your behalf.

It has so happened, that my Gazettes from Philadelphia, whether from inattention at the Printing or Post offices, or other causes, come very irregularly to my hands. Let me pray you therefore to address those you send me, in the appearance of a letter—The common paper, usually applied, will do equally well for the cover.—It has sometimes occurred to me, that there are persons who, wishing to read News Papers without being at the expense of paying for them, make free with those which are sent to others; under the garb of a letter it is not presumeable this liberty would be taken.

I am—sir

Yr. most obedt. servt.

GO. WASHINGTON.

Mr. Matthew Carey, Printer of the *Eveng. Herald*

There is a salutary hint here for the irate subscriber who feels it his duty to grill the offending publisher whenever "my paper" fails to appear "in the 5.32 mail, every Tuesday" or other evening.

Brooklyn.

A. J. D.

"The Audibly Devout"

To the Editor of AMERICA:

I am not especially partial to the "rattle of the beads," which makes such music for Dr. Parker, and I confess very freely that I am much distracted and annoyed "by the devout whispering or even muttering of those earnest pious souls whose holy God-given faith" he enjoys. But this is only one of those minor mortifications that we must try to bear with good humor. But how could the strongest priest, one even with extraordinarily developed lungs, say Mass in the way that Dr. Parker says is in accord with the rule of the Church, and which he asks for, that his devotion and fervor may be increased? If he remains cold and untouched unless he can hear the words of the Mass-prayers, there is an obvious way of supplying his need. A Missal, in English, or preferably in Latin, will give him ample opportunity for uniting his thoughts to those of the minister at the altar. Surely he would not have the priest, even in those parts of the Holy Sacrifice which are to be spoken aloud, lift his voice in such a way as to make his words distinctly audible by all who are present. He might do so in a chapel, but certainly not in our large churches. It is hard to see how Dr. Parker has "a legitimate complaint."

South Orange.

G. R.

A M E R I C A

A · CATHOLIC · REVIEW · OF · THE · WEEK

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1916

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Near-Thought in New York

A FIERCE attack recently made by an army of clergymen, university professors, suffragettes, editors and notoriety seekers against a solitary newsdealer, has given point to O. Henry's observation that New York is "a jay town." A "jay town" is a municipality which suffers a number of persons to live within its borders, even though their sense of values is distorted and their sense of humor atrophied or altogether lacking. This newsdealer refused to place a certain monthly magazine on his stands. It offended his artistic sense; besides he deemed it blasphemous and indecent. In this last charge he is joined by the Secretary of the Society for the Suppression of Vice, and, strange though it may seem, by a fair number of decent citizens. But the comment elicited by the newsdealer's action is deeply interesting, since it shows clearly the vaporings that pass for thought in New York.

The army noted above proceeded to announce that a stain had been cast upon the palladium of our sacred liberty by the recalcitrant newsdealer. He had muzzled the freedom of the press and inserted a large cork into the wide mouth of free speech. Mr. Frank P. Walsh, who ought to know better, writes that the newsdealer has dealt "a blow at the onward progress of the race." Miss Helen Keller opines that "such power over the dissemination of knowledge is outrage." Walter Lippmann delivers himself of an argument high in favor with the exponents of modern democracy. It consists in urging the white innocence of your own project by showing that some other project is worse. The excluded magazine, he says, "has never commercialized licentiousness nor prostituted patriotism," as others have done. This high praise will, no doubt, find a place for the magazine in every home in the country. Dr. Fagnani of the Union Theological Seminary "deprecates as fundamentally illegal and un-American any interference other than by

due process of law." Warden Kirchwey considers the occurrence an "unpardonable interference with the liberty of the press"; while Dr. Robinson of Columbia gives fair expression to the modern spirit of liberty by saying, "I should heartily sympathize with any measures to *coerce* the company controlling the stands."

In rebuttal the newsdealer remarks that this "is the first time in history in which it is demanded that a merchant should buy and sell an article which he prefers not to handle."

I have no desire to limit the liberty of anyone, and I cannot conceive that any careful thinker should be so biased as to hold it just that I should be forced to buy, sell and profit by a publication which insults and derides the religion which is not only mine, but was handed down to me by my parents. . . . Is it not absurd to accuse me of interfering with the liberty of the press because I personally decline to aid this sheet by selling it? Do I muzzle the editor, stop the press, or hold up the edition? Must Wanamaker sell Ingersoll's books, or Bloomingdale put anti-Semitic publications on his counters?

The newsdealer leaves little to be said. In declining to cater to indecency and vulgarity he has not attacked liberty, but defended it. Putting the matter on its lowest basis, if it is the inalienable right of every American citizen to make a jackass of himself, as Colonel Watter-son once wrote, his refusal thus to transform himself is at least equally sacred.

Comparative Patriotism

IT is commonly assumed nowadays in certain quarters that our Southern States, because their white inhabitants are for the most part staunch Protestants and of "pure Anglo-Saxon stock," are consequently the most loyal and patriotic Americans we have. On the other hand, the deplorably "mixed" population of the Northern States, being largely composed of immigrants, the sons of immigrants, or at best the grandsons of immigrants, besides being in numberless instances "benighted Papists," cannot be expected to have a right notion of American citizenship or love of country.

But in the course of a speech made by Senator Lodge during the recent campaign in Maine, he gave some statistics which seem to indicate that however "solid" the South may be in other respects, its patriotism is not strikingly "solid." For most of the very "American" and "Protestant" States below Mason and Dixon's line did not respond last summer to the President's call for troops with anything like the promptness and generosity that distinguished several of the most "mixed" and "Romanized" Northern States. The senior Senator from Massachusetts is reported to have remarked that out of the 100,000 National Guardsmen at the border on July 31, Virginia sent 2,000 men, Louisiana 500, and Texas 3,000, but "the rest of the Southern States had not a single man at the border, while Massachusetts, New York, Illinois and Pennsylvania had 42,000 men, 42 per cent of all the troops then present."

In other words the four Northern States which have the largest number of Catholics are actually the ones that have supplied nearly half the troops now on the border. Moreover, Louisiana, one of three lonely Southern States that sent soldiers to the Rio Grande, stands fifth, let it not be forgotten, on the list of the thirty States with a large Catholic population. Why are these "non-Anglo-Saxon" Catholics so full of practical patriotism?

Labor's Revolt

THIS is the happy age which sneers at the past, and boasts its own perfection. It is also the age in which the laborer is forced to fight for his right to live with the decency that befits a man. "It has come to pass," writes the great Leo XIII, after speaking of the decay of religion in modern life, "that workingmen have been surrendered, all isolated and helpless, to the hard-heartedness of employers and the greed of unchecked competition."

Let it not be said that these wage-slaves are working under a "free contract." This contention is urged, but what chance has a single, ignorant laborer, to carry his case successfully against a hundred-million-dollar corporation, backed by the most skilful legal practitioners in the community? "If a man isn't satisfied with his wages," the president of just such a corporation wrote last month, "tell him to let me know." Those who "let the president know" were rewarded by a legal argument, but by no increase in wages. Furthermore, no man, however much he may wish to do so, is at liberty to contract for work which conflicts with his duties to God, with the proper care of his family and of his own physical health, or with his obligations as a citizen. The sixteen and eighteen-hour contracts, for instance, were condemned by Cardinal Manning as contrary to the natural law, on the ground that they made the fulfilment of marital and home duties practically impossible.

Nor can it be taken for granted that the contract between a corporation and an individual is always "free." It was the fact that what appear to be "contracts" are frequently forced upon the laboring man, which drew from Leo XIII the following eloquent condemnation:

There underlies a dictate of natural justice, more imperious and ancient than any bargain between man and man, namely, that remuneration ought to be sufficient to support a frugal and well-behaved wage-earner. If through necessity, or fear of worse evil, the workman accepts harder conditions, because an employer or contractor will afford him no better, he is the victim of force and injustice.

The root of the evil is not to be sought in the science of economics. It runs deeper. The world today, seeking material success, has rejected God, and in His place adores the "least erected spirit," Mammon. If the world has no reverence for God, there is small reason why it should reverence man, merely God's image. In the eyes

of that oppressive and dishonest capitalism which daily grows stronger in this country, man is not a being to whose dignity God Himself does reverence. He is only one of many factors in production. Man has something to sell, his labor, and capitalism strikes the "bargain" precisely as it would for a mass of raw material to be fed into machines. It buys labor in the cheapest market and sells the finished product in the dearest. "It is shameful and inhuman," writes Leo XIII, "to treat men like chattels to make money by, or to look on them as so much muscle or physical power." Yet this is the position into which unchecked capitalism is gradually forcing the workingman. It does not regard him as a man, with a man's needs and aspirations, but as something necessary for the conduct of trade and commerce. On its side, it pays as little as it can, and the worker takes what he can get. That is "business." It is also folly and crime; folly, because it is leading to a revolt in which capitalism will suffer severe losses; crime, because it is defrauding the laborer of his just wage.

As the great Pontiff says, this condition of affairs is "shameful and inhuman." It cannot be remedied by eight-hour laws and minimum-wage commissions, valuable as these agencies undoubtedly are. "The main thing needful," we are told by Leo XIII, "is the return to real Christianity, apart from which the plans and devices of the wisest will prove of little avail." The best which modern philosophy has to offer, is that man is a being somewhat above the brute because he can work with his hands. Only Christianity can secure him the measure of reverence which is his due as a being made to the image of God.

Haeckel as a Consoler

ASKED, as he says, by many persons at the front and in hospitals for his way of thinking on the world-war, the high priest of monism, from his tripod at Jena, has written a book which resumes his many pronouncements on life, its meaning and its problems, and offers to the victims of the war strange words of comfort. But Mr. Ernst Haeckel has never seemed more hopelessly at variance with the truth than when he undertakes to console the followers of his system. He bids them strive to achieve the proper balance between egoism and altruism, to leave the decision of their fate to blind chance, and to greet death the inevitable as an "eternal sleep." The human soul, he tells them, is "nothing but a function of the brain," the "precious dream of immortality is no more than a beautiful dream, an empty promise with no guarantee of fulfilment." Man is only a glorified ape, and his life is snuffed out at death no less completely than that of his primate ancestors.

How hollow is this gross materialism! How ruthlessly this egotistic dreamer, who has so long posed as one of the prophets of truth, tears out of the heart of man all that it holds most dear! Fortunately for his deluded ad-

mirers, he has spoken at a time and in a manner that must prove his final discrediting with many of them. In the midst of joy and with the cup of pleasure still in their hands, men may scoff at immortality. The present life is so sweet that its siren voice may lull to rest their aspirations towards a future and a better life. Stern truth may be clouded by the mists of passion when the pulse beats steadily and long vistas of untroubled happiness beckon towards primrose paths.

But falsehood and delusion slip away in the presence of death. Soldiers keeping their night watches under starlit skies feel the presence of a personal God, women holding in their tired hands cruel lists of their dear dead cry out in horror against Haeckel's travesty of truth. They know that life does not end utterly with death. To die like an ape is not the meaning and end of human destiny. Their hearts and their heads tell them with certainty that there is another world, that there is a kindly Providence, and a well-founded hope of reunion in the kingdom of God, where life is really life, and death shall be no more. Haeckel is even less felicitous as a consoler than as a philosopher.

Hagiology and Spoon River

IN the unprogressive Middle Ages a saint was a saint, and most people were content to leave it at that. But the coming of free verse and the opening up of the Illinois graveyards has changed things somewhat. No longer are the saints suffered to be joyful in glory: they are called upon to do their share in providing the literary market with a literature having a "strong sex interest."

So long as Mr. Edgar Lee Masters was content to be of the earth earthy, so long as he was content to play the part in life of a solemn Middle-West lawyer with poetic leanings, so long as he was content to find his inspiration for the "Spoon River Anthology," that entertaining volume of sepulchral obstetrics, in the somewhat unsavory and ghoulish explorations of an Illinois graveyard, well, it was his own affair. At any rate, he showed that he was considerably less fastidious than were the sisters of Lazarus when circumstances led them to a burial place.

But the mistake Mr. Masters made was in not confining himself to the graveyards of Illinois. He jumped to the conclusion that having dug a scandal out of a grave along the Spoon River, he could with like facility dig one out of a grave in Umbria. And so he dug out a rather scandalous story about a gentleman whom he calls Antonio, and a lady who is known as St. Clare. And he wrote a ballad about these two, and sold it to a monthly magazine which does not disdain to print stories with a sex interest.

Now the point is that the hagiologist of Spoon River did not dig up this narrative in an Umbrian tomb, he dug it up in his own Middle-Western mind. He probably never stopped to consider whether St. Clare ever

had a cousin or a cousin's friend or even a pet dog named Antonio, but just shoved him in with the general idea that all Cisalpine gentlemen are named Antonio. Certainly for an historical ballad Mr. Master's poem has a strong Illinoisian touch, and reads as if it were inspired by some strange exhalation, not from the Lives of the Saints, but from some inadequately deodorised cadaver in his own native Spoon River cemetery. *Pecunia non olet* applies to fees and not to themes.

If poets must write poems about graveyards and obstetrics and other merry topics of that kind, and if editors are willing to pay good money for that sort of thing, well, it is only one of the curiosities of modern commercial life. But let them not talk about the art of poetry, or put any value on the imaginings of creative artists. You cannot restrain a man from living in a charnel house if he wishes to, but you are not bound to accept all his visions as the effects of fresh air.

Republican Government in Georgia

THE successful candidate in the recent Georgia primaries was Mr. Hugh M. Dorsey. Mr. Dorsey won a place in the public eye last year by his prosecution of a man accused of the murder of a child. It is said that he prosecuted the case vigorously. For this no blame can be attached to him. It was his plain duty. But that political capital should have been made of the incident is nothing short of sickening.

For the man he had convicted of murder belonged to a race and to a religion which are not popular in Georgia. He was a Jew. This fact justified an appeal to bigotry. Imagine an editor recommending a candidate for office on the ground that he had successfully prosecuted a Jew, and you have the main phase of the recent campaign in Georgia. Imagine an editor in Chicago or New York recommending a candidate for the governorship of Illinois or of New York, because he had convicted a Methodist, and you have a clearer understanding of this main phase.

Among Mr. Dorsey's most ardent supporters was an editor who has been fitly named by the *Augusta Chronicle*, "the Georgia pole cat." For many years this "pole cat" has held his most sacred and solemn duty to consist in the promulgation of the most abominable calumnies against the Catholic Church. Within recent years, he has added the Jews as equal objects of his stupid hatred. Georgia, one of the most anti-Catholic States in the Union, ranks high in the scale of ignorance and general illiteracy. There is a direct connection between these two facts. They also make Georgia, once "the Empire State of the South," a fruitful field of malicious bigotry and hateful race prejudice.

The principles of the anti-Catholic campaign, which, however, is not confined to Georgia, are admirably illustrated when the people of a State elect to the highest office within their gift, not the man best fitted for ex-

ecutive functions, but the man whose friends can rant most loudly against a race or a religious body. One can not indict a whole people. No doubt good Americans still abide in Georgia. But it is permissible to condole with this humiliated minority, on the collapse of republican government in that once proud State.

LITERATURE

Kathleen Norris

KATHLEEN NORRIS, the author of "Mother," "The Rich Mrs. Burgoyne," "Saturday's Child," "The Story of Julia Page," and "The Heart of Rachael," believes that the American home is more than the chance juxtaposition of four walls and a roof. She views it not as an architectural entity, nor even as a sociological monstrosity, as the writers of "uplift" books are wont to do, but a *focus* in the Latin acceptance of that term. From that point, as Mrs. Norris conceives it, go forth rays of mutual love, of interlacing respect, of hope and kindness toward all men and more especially toward one's kith and kin. Whatever affection may be bestowed without the home, whatever gloom may there be dispelled by kindly thought, is but a faint reflection of that spirit of self-sacrifice, that openness of mutual trust, that inter-dependency of do-for-others which obtain within the home. The problem of the home, Mrs. Norris announces with the reasonableness of truth, does not exist when genuine love prompts all the comings and goings out of which the activities of the family are builded. These thoughts are most beautifully brought out in "Mother," one of the sweetest and truest stories ever penned on the subject of the American home. Mrs. Norris has her theme thoroughly at heart. Its graciousness and unction stream abundantly through all she has written. Her constant insistence is upon the home, the real home, the true home where foregather real people. She draws a clear line of demarcation between the home and the house; between those who love their own and will sacrifice for them, and those others who love self and sacrifice to it.

Nor is Mrs. Norris content to put only these colors into her picture. The sober tone of duty plays now and again across the face of the picture. She tells us—and it is precisely this that so many of us have forgotten, sometimes intentionally—that no pleasure goes unattended. To enjoyment there is the corollary duty. The one follows the other as the night the day. To some it will appear that Mrs. Norris could scarcely make an interesting, readable story from such homely, every-day thoughts. But the fact remains that she succeeds very well. She is an artist in the mother character. The mothers she has given us should prove both an inspiration and a realization; an inspiration for us to go a step higher in home life; a realization that life is not merely in the living but in the doing for others. Mrs. Norris may fitly be termed "the delineator of the American home."

Our author was recently approached by a supercilious newspaper worker and asked for some of her views on life. This is a standardized method of obtaining news "features." Notables in all walks of life are "interviewed" and the startling pronouncements they make are capitalized into circulation figures. Mrs. Norris in a few, brief, crisp sentences won the attention of the young cynic who had approached her. The Catholic mother and writer explained that she had no longing for mannish attainments; she made it clear that if she were forced to forego her literary career to give proper attention to her child, without compunction all hope of literary eminence would be given up and a mother's career would be circumscribed by her offspring. He would be her world. With such aims in life, with such motherly thoughts, it is not difficult to understand how it is possible for this Catholic novelist to picture the better home.

Perhaps the most quotable of Mrs. Norris' stories is "Saturday's Child." One of the girl characters in this story urges another to prepare for the married state by working where she will be able to observe good, Christian people in their own homes. Thus she advises:

Your fulfilment will come in some way—some way that they would very probably think extremely unconventional and terrifying and strange. Meanwhile you are learning something every day about women who have babies to care for, about housekeeping as half the women in the world have to regard it. All this is extremely useful, if you want to do anything that touches women Some day just the use of this will come and then I'll feel quite right when I expected great things of my Sue.

Here is another sententious reflection, brimming with good sense. It refers to the early encounter of a young girl with a not too considerate lover. The girl speaks reminiscently:

All sentiment has so entirely gone out of the whole thing that it's like looking at a place where you burned your hand years ago, and trying to remember whether the burn hurt worst, or dressing the burn, or curing the burn. I know it was all wrong, but at the time I thought it was only convention that I was against . . . I didn't realize that one of the advantages of laws is that you can follow them blindly when you've lost your moorings. You can't follow your instincts, but you can remember your rule

Here is no silly, mock-brave shattering or contemning of convention. Here is no talk of the freedom of the human soul to do as it wishes. Here is only sound common sense. Stories such as these can come only from a clean heart, can be planned only by the sensible and the clear-headed, can be told only by the straight-forward and the truthful.

In "The Heart of Rachael," (Doubleday, Page) Mrs. Norris' latest story, there is a slight tinge of Catholic atmosphere, though there is never an attempt in Mrs. Norris' novels to sound the Catholic note openly and resonantly. She contents herself with taking a Catholic truth and basing it solely on good sense. So in "The Heart of Rachael" Mrs. Norris shows that the Catholic Church is opposed to divorce on the ground of morality, but her story studies it mainly from the standpoint of logic and results. The heroine, Rachael Fairfax, has passed many years of married life with an insufferable bibbler. She divorces him and marries another to find out what a mistake she has made. Previous to the divorce she found a thousand justifications; the divorce accomplished, her justifications fade and divorce for all, even herself, is hateful. The new husband provides wealth and happiness in splendid quantity, but the shadow of a broken pledge is on her and it follows her through life. The forsaken bibbler thrusts himself into the settlements and judgments of eternity, and yet the heart of Rachael bears the brand of divorce. When another attempts to take her second husband from her, she realizes the heartlessness of divorce, its utter lack of justice, and the payment it demands of those who mistakenly see in it a way to freedom.

A close study of Mrs. Norris' novels demonstrates in general her deep-rooted love of good sense and moderation. Those lovers of the emotional and realistic schools of fiction who maintain that emotion must be overwhelmingly good or evil, must be keyed to the shrillest and most excitable pitch, will find in these stories a partial refutation of their theories.

EDWARD FRANCIS MOHLER, A.B., M.A., Litt.B.

REVIEWS

The Education of Women During the Renaissance: a Dissertation. By MARY AGNES CANNON, M.A. Washington, D.C.

The manifold interests and activities, artistic, literary, social and political, of the Renaissance have invested it with a strange fascination. Whole libraries have been written upon

almost every one of its phases. If the learned women of those eventful days have not been forgotten, as we can judge from the works of Christopher Hare (Mrs. Marian Andrews), they have not yet, perhaps, found a chronicler to do them full justice. In the present dissertation, which was submitted to the Catholic Sisters' College of the Catholic University of America in partial fulfilment of the requirements for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy, the author records the results of an inquiry into the nature and the extent of pedagogical endeavor during the period of the revival of learning, that is, from about 1350 to 1600. The writer herself very briefly and clearly outlines the scope of her monograph. She excludes the question of primary and elementary training and in general all education in which the classics of Greece and Rome were not the basic studies. She naturally begins her investigation with the great revival in Italy and then carries her researches into the history of the movement in all its varied manifestations in Spain and Portugal, England, France, and finally Northern Europe.

It is not the intention of the author to write a finished treatise, with all the large proportion which the subject requires. With no other purpose in view but to set up a few guide-posts for the inquisitive traveler anxious to follow in the same path, she has gathered a great deal of interesting matter and placed it at his disposal for further reference. She has brought to light much hidden lore. A wide acquaintance with the subject enables her to tread with ease and safety into some remote nooks and corners. Miss Cannon has done good service in pointing out the striking work of many noble and gifted Catholic women in the great revival.

J. C. R.

A Short History of the Catholic Church. By HERMAN WEDEWER, Professor at the Royal Gymnasium of Wiesbaden, and JOSEPH MCSORLEY, of the Paulist Fathers. St. Louis: B. Herder. \$1.00.

The Ancient World, from the Earliest Times to 800 A. D. Part One: Greece and the East. By FRANCIS S. BETTEN, S.J. Boston: Allyn & Bacon. \$1.00.

Here are excellent text-books that the teachers in our Catholic high schools and academies ought to welcome joyfully. The first volume is Father McSorley's translation and adaptation of Professor Wedewer's "Grundriss der Kirchengeschichte," the twelfth edition of which was published at Freiburg in 1907. With a view to meeting the needs of our schools, the American adapter explains that he has omitted a considerable portion of the original text and has added new material on the Church's foreign-mission work and on her history down to the death of Pius X. Under the three epochs, Christian Antiquity, the Middle Ages, and Modern Times, epochs which are subdivided into periods, is given in twenty-six chapters a remarkably clear, concise and accurate account of the Church's entire history. Not a name or movement of importance seems to be omitted, controverted questions are fairly discussed, and the sad truth about the Church's darker days, e. g., the tenth century, is told without fear. Particularly valuable are the chapters on the present condition of the Church throughout the world. Father McSorley's pages on the history of Catholicism in this country, with his careful statistics, are especially well done. There is a good index but the work would be improved by the addition of reading lists.

"The Ancient World" is the first half of Father Betten's revision, for Catholic schools, of Professor Willis Mason West's well-known text-book of history. It is interesting to see how that work has gradually been made acceptable to Catholics. When the book first appeared some fifteen years ago, under the title "Ancient History," Francis P. Donnelly, S.J., examined it carefully and published in the *American Catholic Quarterly*

Review a paper in which he pointed out the passages which he considered historically false and unfair to the Church. The author so profited by the criticisms offered that the subsequent editions of the book were more free from what is objectionable to Catholics, and now Professor West and the publishers have given Father Betten "complete liberty" to make whatever alterations in the text he thinks necessary. The main changes will be found in the early part of the book and consist in the insertion of the Biblical account of man's origin, in supplying some antidotal matter about evolution and in emphasizing the sacred character of the ancient Jewish nation. In other places Father Betten tones down Professor West's eulogies of pagan civilization, omits some of his quotations and pictures, and pays a juster tribute to Aristotle's genius. The following parallel passages from the page describing "The Moral Side of Greek Culture" will indicate the nature of Father Betten's adaptations:

FATHER BETTEN

The Greeks accepted a rather unlimited search for pleasures as natural and proper. Self-sacrifice had little place in their moral code. They lacked altogether the Jewish and Christian sense of sin. Even the Babylonians were far ahead of them in this matter. Their chief motive for right conduct, as far as it went, was a certain admiration, based on natural grounds, of moderation and temperance. Individual characters at once lofty and lovable were not numerous.

At the same time some Greek teachers inculcate morality. They found in themselves the courage to listen to the voice of their conscience and to assert what they saw was right. They may have caught the dim rays of original revelation, or obtained inspiration from the sacred books of the Jews. Yet none of these men in any way reached the Jewish and Christian ideals.

PROFESSOR WEST

The Greeks accepted frankly the search for pleasure as natural and proper. Self-sacrifice had little place in their ideal. They lacked altogether the Jewish and Christian "sense of sin." They were moved to right conduct, not by the Christian's spiritual love for the beauty of holiness, but by an intellectual admiration for the beauty of moderation and of temperance. Individual characters at once lofty and lovable were not numerous.

At the same time, a few individuals tower to great heights and a few Greek teachers give us some of the noblest morality of the world. Says Mahaffy, after acknowledging the cruelty and barbarity of Greek life: "Socrates and Plato are far superior to the Jewish moralists; they are superior to the average Christian moralist; it is only in the matchless teaching of Christ himself that we find them surpassed."

As the second portion of "The Ancient World," which is soon to appear, takes up the beginnings of Rome and continues to the year 800, A. D., and must therefore dwell largely on the rise and spread of Christianity and the foundation and development of the Papacy, Father Betten's work of revision will of course be more extensive than it was in this first part of Professor West's book.

W. D.

Life and Living. By AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR. New York: George H. Doran Co. \$1.00.

Gorse Blossoms from Dartmoor. By BEATRICE CHASE. New York: Longmans, Green & Co., N. Y. \$0.35.

Ballads and Lyrics. By ELDRIDGE DENISON. Boston: Sherman, French & Co. \$1.25.

The House on the Hill. By FREDERICK A. WRIGHT. Boston: Sherman, French & Co. \$1.00.

The reviewer can very naturally assemble these four books of verse for a single review notice. In their art and ethics, they are cut from very similar cloth. Spiritual ideals, expressed even in definite religious phrases; spontaneous heart-appeals making for cultured sympathy and love and reverence; and a technique that possesses strength and simplicity, because the

vision was clear and sincere: these constitute a common ground where four poets meet. If, without searching for comparisons, which at times are said to be invidious, one were to arrange the authors as a class at school, he would say that Amelia Josephine Burr goes to the head of the line by reason of the intenser feeling in her work, the passion of which rhetoricians speak; then Beatrice Chase, first in her turn, for touching more intimately many objective truths, those sublime realities about home and God; Eldridge Denison a first for the wider range of subjects, from the lovable homeliness of common things to the subtle glory investing imaginary fields; and Frederick A. Wright to the top of the line for the defter skill in that constructiveness which is one of the high claims of lyric poetry.

Miss Burr shows moods in which the atmosphere is not tranquil; the air is not settled, which means that a seeming perplexity enshrouds the world of her observation and reflection. A little higher up, as others have found, François Coppée, for example, on a day among the Pyrenees or Thomas à Kempis many years in a cloister, there are plains of peace where the sun is shining upon an intelligible world. Again, when Miss Burr goes to canvasses that are of the Catholic tradition, as in her "Mary of Egypt" and "Saint Clara to the Virgin," she appears to have studied her subjects in poor light, or at a wrong angle, or let us say, as one who tries to read a cathedral window from the sidewalk. Looked at from the inside, where they were intended to be observed, how magnificently the illuminated legend falls to the eyes of the spectator. Alfred Tennyson, it will be remembered, confessed that he had not written the entire "Idyls" because he would have had to become a Catholic to understand and interpret "The Death of Sir Lancelot." Yet Miss Burr, like other poets whom the world-war has gifted with clear-sightedness, sounds many a true note as an interpreter of the bitter conditions that are making modern history; this, for example, from "A Prayer of Today"—

By the stern brotherhood of grief and pain
Advance Thy reign.
By honor that shall pave the stricken field
But will not yield,
By larger mercy and by love more wide,
By death defied,
By faith which looks beyond the hour of loss,
Burn out our dross.
And through all bitter blindness, do Thou still
Work out Thy will.

Children and Ireland are two themes which have won the attention of these same poets. Says Eldridge Denison,—

The greatest patriots in the world
The old green isle supplies,
And Erin's banner is unfurled
Next every flag that flies.

And while Dartmoor must be grateful to Miss Chase for her sweet songs, children of every corner of the world will do well to have her charming religious songs by heart, as "The Great Gentleman," who is Christ, and this, "The King's Robe":

Each early morn the King I greet
Who dwells within my shrine,
I fain would find Him vesture meet
Who craves no raiment fine:
Earth's humblest robes He deems most sweet,
The robes of Bread and Wine:
He wears the ivory-white of wheat,
The amber of the vine.

M. E.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

From Abbot Aelred's letter in the summer *Pax* it is clear that the war has brought the affairs of the Caldey Benedictines to a crisis. He appeals for prayers, and writes: "It is a fact that unless sufficient and sustained assistance comes to Caldey without delay, there will need to be a total reconstruc-

tion of the conditions of life, both in the community itself, and on the Island." He then tells about the progress of "St. Joseph's," the little household of working boys which is connected with the monastery. Among the other articles in the number is an interesting inquiry into the claims of "St. Joseph of Arimathea as the apostle of Britain"; "By the Way," John Ayscough's amusing account of a traveling incident; a just appreciation of Mgr. Benson; and an account of A. L. Leach's archeological researches in "Nanna's Cave, Isle of Caldey."

"F. L.," the author of "Pseudo-Scientists vs. Catholics," the leading article in the current *Catholic Mind*, is the graduate of a State university in the West, so he can speak from experience of the contempt and hostility shown the Church by his former instructors. He then proves that these "pseudo-scientists" are more dogmatic in their domain than the Church is in hers, and in spite of their vaunted "independence," accept numerous scientific facts solely on the authority of other men, whereas Catholics, in matters of faith and morals, are so proud that they will bow only to the authority of a Divinely instituted, infallible Church. The next article in the number is the address on the war that the Holy Father made to the children of Rome last summer. Then comes Father Blakely's "Scandalizing the Little Ones," a paper which is recommended to the perusal of "devout Catholics" who send their children to pagan schools. The issue ends with a short article answering the question "Why Go to College?" and another proving what an effective "Guardian of Purity" the Church is.

Arthur B. Reeve's "The Social Gangster" (Hearst's International Library, \$1.25) is a collection of Craig Kennedy stories which can be recommended to high school and college science classes, for the book may prove an incentive to study, since the author shows how the most astute criminals are powerless against the agents and re-agents of the physical and chemical laboratory. The stories are interesting, but somewhat monotonous for continuous reading. The book appears to be a complete novel but the chapters have no connection with one another except that the hero is always the same.—"The Magnificent Adventure" (Appleton, \$1.35) Emerson Hough's latest book, is a historical novel with Meriwether Lewis, of the famous Lewis and Clark expedition, as a hero. In the early chapters are good descriptions of life in Washington when Thomas Jefferson was President and the subsequent chapters give a picturesque account of Lewis's journey to the Pacific. But the conspiracy of Aaron Burr and his daughter "Theo" against the young explorer "peters out" weakly and is not skilfully treated. For a "faithful" wife, Theo behaves in a very unconventional fashion.

Father J. S. Hickey, O.Cist. has just given to the public a revised edition of his "Ethica," which is one of the set of books that make up his "Summula Philosophiæ Scholasticæ in usum Adolescentium." This particular volume was reviewed in *AMERICA* for June 22, 1912, and highly praised for its modern style and methods, its intimate and discriminating knowledge of contemporary science, its citations in the vernacular from recent discussions of old problems, and its crisp and fresh phraseology. The author's revisions of the work have still further added to its claims to a place in the classroom.—The latest number of "The Academy Classics" is "Scott's Ivanhoe, Edited with Notes and Introduction by A. Marion Merrill, Head of the English Department, High School, Somerville, Massachusetts." (Allyn & Bacon, \$0.70.) Though there are 671 pages in the book, the paper and the letter-press keep the volume small in size and easy to read. There are original illustrations and the collateral matter is adequate and accurate for the most part but the editors of

text-books really ought to stop making priests "perform mass before" the people.

In "Potential Russia" (Dutton, \$1.50) Richard Washburn Child describes how he went throughout the length and breadth of that country, stopping in cities and villages, observing the land and the people, talking to diplomats and peasants, social leaders and merchants, suffragettes and Socialists. The author finds that in spite of the many depressing agencies in Russia, the country is sensing a new nationalism. Owing to the war, her Government is awakening, and everyone, even the women, are beginning to realize the power of her resources. Russia, being the greatest storehouse of mineral and agricultural wealth left to the world, with her 170,000,000 needing every kind of manufactured goods, is America's opportunity. England, France and Germany will seek for Russian trade and Russian investment. Will America let her golden opportunity slip by? We must make friends with Russia, says Mr. Child, and in order to do this we must learn to know her people better, their tastes, their habits and their business customs, which are all different from ours.

The September *Month* opens with a paper on "Character in Catholic Fiction" by Father Herbert Lucas. Taking his illustrations chiefly from the stories of Mrs. Wilfrid Ward, John Ayscough and Mgr. Benson, he writes:

In claiming for our foremost Catholic novelists a definite superiority over the generality of non-Catholic writers of fiction in all that concerns the treatment of character, my meaning is not merely that they are more skilful in the analysis of character than the generality of non-Catholic writers, but that, as a definite result of their Catholic principles, they see more clearly that for each individual man the formation of character,—or, let us say, more explicitly, of the Christ-like character—is the one thing that really matters, even as St. Paul saw this truth when he wrote: "My little children, with whom I am again in labor till Christ be formed in you." Of course all manner of consequences inevitably follow, whether we can detect them or not, from the formation, however imperfectly, of the Christ-like character in any individual man or woman; for no one lives to himself alone, and his acts or omissions cannot but effect others besides himself. But these consequences may safely be left—and are best left—to God's Providence.

Father Lucas maintains that the writings of the average non-Catholic novelist are "concerned with temperament rather than character strictly so-called, or at best with the more superficial aspects of character."

Two recent books bearing on the war are "Some Experiences in Hungary, August, 1914, to January, 1915," (Longman's, \$1.25) by Mina MacDonald, and "Serbia in Light and Darkness," (Longmans, \$1.20) by Fr. Nicholas Velimirovic. The first tells how an English girl was caught by the war while staying as companion to the daughter of a Hungarian Prince and she gives a lively description of the days between August and January, when she finally made her "escape." She is, of course, very patriotic, and varied and amusing are the situations her position led her into. There are good pictures of peasant life, and vivid characterizations of the variegated population of the Empire. The impression one carries away from the book is of the extreme goodness and simplicity of the Magyar character.—The other book is in three parts. In the first are four lectures on Serbia, delivered before English audiences by a Serbian (Orthodox) priest. They show a good deal of natural eloquence, and deal with the struggles of the Serbs, especially against the Turk, and contain many touching pictures and stirring anecdotes of suffering and bravery. Then follows a collection of "Fragments of Serbian National Wisdom," aphorisms, in which that language seems particularly to abound. The

third part is taken up with selections from the "Serbian Popular Poetry" (in English), of John Bowring, (1827.)

In Theodore Maynard's little book of poetry, "Laughs and Whiffs of Song," reviewed in our issue of June 24, are found these discerning stanzas "To Any Saint":

Before the choirs of angels burst to song,
In night and loneliness your way you trod—
O valiant heart, O weary feet and strong,
There are no easy by-paths unto God.

Darkness there was, thick darkness all around;
Nor spoken word, nor hand to touch you knew,
But One who walked the self-same stony ground
And shared your dereliction there with you.

O valiant heart! O fixed, undaunted will!
While all the heavens hung like brass above,
You faltered not, but steadfast journeyed still
Upon the road of sainthood to your Love.

And was not it reward exceeding great
To kiss at last with passionate lips His side,
His hands, His feet? O pomp! O regal state
O crown of life He gives unto His bride!

Lovers there are with roses chapleted,
But more than theirs is your Lord's loveliness;
Your love is crowned with thorns upon His head,
And pain and sorrow woven is His dress.

BOOKS RECEIVED

The Atlantic Monthly Co., Boston:

Atlantic Classics. \$1.25.

Gabriel Beauchesne, Paris:

Lumen Vitæ, l'Espérance du Salut au Début de l'Ère Chrétienne. Par Adhémar d'Alès. 3 fr. 50; Le Lt-Colonel Driant, Allocution Prononcée en l'Eglise Notre-Dame de Paris. Par le R. P. Barret. 0 fr. 50.

The Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis:

Self-Reliance. By Dorothy Canfield Fisher. \$1.00.

The Century Co., New York:

Society's Misfits. By Madeleine Z. Doty. Illustrated. \$1.25.

Dodd, Mead & Company, New York:

The Advance of the English Novel. By William Lyon Phelps. \$1.50.

E. P. Dutton & Co., New York:

Malice in Kulturland. By Horace Wyatt. Illustrations by Tell. \$0.60; Julius Le Vallon: an Episode. By Algernon Blackwood. \$1.50; The Chevalier De Boufflers: a Romance of the French Revolution. By Nesta H. Webster. \$4.00; A Little House in War Time. By Agnes and Egerton Castle. \$1.50.

B. Herder, St. Louis:

Prayer. By Rev. Ferreol Girardey, C.S.S.R. With Preface by Very Rev. Thos. P. Brown, C.S.S.R. \$1.00; The Borodino Mystery. By Maria Longworth Storer. \$1.00; History of Saint Norbert. By the Rev. Cornelius J. Kirkfleet, Ord. Praem. \$1.80; Students' Mass Book and Hymnal. Compiled by Rev. W. B. Sommerhauser, S.J. \$0.35.

Houghton, Mifflin Co., Boston:

The Dot Mystery. By Clifford Leon Sherman. \$1.00; Speaking of Home. By Lillian Hart Tryon. \$1.00; Letters from France. By Jeanne le Guiner. Translated by H. M. C. \$1.00; The Story of Scotch. By Enos A. Mills. \$0.50.

P. J. Kennedy & Sons, New York:

Voices of the Valley. By F. McKay. \$0.75; Book of the Junior Socialists of Our Lady. By Father Elder Mullan, S.J. \$0.50.

Little, Brown & Co., Boston:

Workmanship in Words. By James P. Kelly. \$1.00; Heart Songs and Home Songs. By Denis A. McCarthy. \$1.00; Duty and Other Irish Comedies. By Seumas O'Brien. \$1.25; Wonder Tales Retold. By Katharine Pyle. Illustrated. \$1.35.

Longmans, Green & Co., New York:

A French Mother in War Time, Being the Journal of Madame Edouard Drumont. Translated by Grace E. Bevir. \$1.00.

The Paulist Press, New York:

The Truth About Christian Science. By George M. Searle. \$1.25.

G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York:

The French Revolution. By Louis Madelin. \$2.50; The Eighteenth Century in France. By Casimir Strylenski. Translated from the French by H. N. Dickinson. \$2.50; Home Care of Consumptives. By Roy L. French. With 27 Illustrations. \$1.00; The Seven Wonders of the Ancient World. By Edgar J. Banks, Ph.D. \$1.50; The Cambridge Book of Poetry for Children. Selected and Edited by Kenneth Grahame. \$1.50.

Rand, McNally & Company, Chicago:

The Land of Don't-Want-To. By Lillian Bell. Pictures by Milo Winter. \$1.25; The Real Mother Goose. With Pictures by Blanche Fisher Wright.

Charles Scribner's Sons, New York:

The Shepherd Who Watched by Night. By Thomas Nelson Page. \$0.50.

EDUCATION

Julianne and the Valedictory

JULIANNE graduated from her fashionable convent academy, not far from a famous city, early in June, more than a year ago. Part of April and the whole of May were wasted in rehearsals for the great event, during which time the dressmakers saw more of Julianne than did her teachers. Of course we attended the graduation exercises. We attend them as a duty, hoping some day before the grave closes over us to be present at a graduation at which the exercises will be something more solid and serious than the frothy, frivolous and sentimental closings that are the rule in too many so-called institutions of learning today.

THE OPENING

Long after the scheduled time the graduates made their grand entrance. Punctuality seems to be a lost virtue in our fashionable schools. The graduates were preceded and followed by their satellites, although there seemed to be no sufficient reason for the latter, unless to furnish an additional opportunity for a vulgar display of feminine finery. There was not a single face in the crowd that looked natural, not a single graduate that walked naturally, not one who conducted herself naturally. It was all posing, all stagey, all theatrical. Everything seemed artificial, affected, and skin deep, like the rouge and enamel that were too much in evidence on nearly all the graduates there. Why, indeed, should they not paint if their mothers do? The graduates were all dressed in white, but extravagantly so, with flashing jewels at the usual strategic points for such baubles. The simplicity of good taste was conspicuous by its absence. When will our Catholic maidens and matrons learn that money is not synonymous with brains, and that expensive clothes and jewels do not make Catholic women? The girls must have ransacked the greenhouses of a dozen florists for the flowers they carried, the decorations being orchids. Enough money was literally thrown away that evening on excessive floral decorations to have sent a missionary to China to preach the Gospel of the poverty and humility of Christ.

The great evening was finally on. It opened, not with prayer, not with a sacred hymn, not with some choice melody culled from the vast and incomparable garden of Catholic music. No; the music was a sickening modern aria, by an atheistic composer, with a sensuous and seductive swing that turned one's mind away from serious and intellectual things to the grosser pleasures of sense. And they who sang this banal song of passion were the "sweet girl graduates." Then there was an address, the usual salutatory. It was not a simple, dignified, brief, heartfelt welcome, couched in chaste and balanced diction; but, like everything else on the program, it was exaggerated, stilted, and unreal, lacking poise and balance and propriety. Then others of the graduates made addresses, several of them on topics obviously beyond their grasp, and not at all suited for girls, and the manner of their treatment made it quite clear that the essays were not original. Thus are ten-thousand-dollar educations thrown away on ten-dollar girls.

THE FULFILMENT

Then came the farewell, and the "spokesman" of the class told of an anxiety to accomplish wonderful things "for God, for humanity, for the Church and for self." As we listened to Julianne's valedictory, we resolved to test her extravagant promises by the results, and this is the sum total of the first year's observation:

Not one of them has been to Mass a single week-morning

since graduation, and on Sundays they have frequently come late. They have given up weekly Communion, and many of them have missed the "First Friday." They spend more than an hour every day at the telephone making appointments to waste time, and they go off to play tennis, or skate, or shop, or "joy ride." They talk of nothing but dress and automobiles and dances. Not a single one of them has opened a book, other than a novel, one of the "six best sellers," which deal so largely with matters of sex, and they are all losing their taste for reading, and their ability to be interested in healthy and wholesome literature. As a result they lack the power of sustained thought and the capacity to concentrate their minds. Hence their butterfly dispositions, without depth, without stability, without penetration. And these are the girls who are to become the future mothers of the rising Catholic generation!

Not one of these girls has even entered a Catholic library, or the public library, to get either winter or summer reading of a serious nature to supplement a meager education; not one of them has attended a lecture of any serious character during the year, other than an illustrated travelogue; not one of them has entered class at the university, or at the technical school, or at any of the numerous summer schools; not one of them has gained even a smattering of a single foreign language since her graduation; not one of them has attempted to fit herself for a wider and deeper intellectual outlook on life; not one of them has taken a course in domestic science, or household hygiene, or dressmaking, or millinery, or interior decoration, in order to manage more efficiently her own home when the time comes for her to get married. Not one of them can cook a simple meal; not one of them knows how to wash and iron any of the expensive fabrics she wears, and as a consequence every one of them is tyrannical with the servants, and there is constant friction in the domestic circle, necessitating a continual change of help.

LOST OPPORTUNITIES

Not a single one of them has called on her parish priest to inquire if there were any religious or charitable or intellectual work in which she could engage, and thus put out at interest her talents and her expensive education and her God-given privilege of oceans of free time, by doing something worth while "for God, for humanity, for the Church and for self," as her valedictorian so ostentatiously proclaimed just a brief year ago. And all the while there were the very poor on the edges of the parish, there were the little tots of girls to whom they might have taught sewing; there were the sick children in the slums, the alleys and back streets, in a stifling atmosphere during the heated term, with no one to take them to the parks for a breath of fresh air, or to see God's glorious green grass or the beautiful flowers that are almost things undreamed of by the children of the poor.

How easy it would be to take along a few of these afflicted poverty-stricken children on one of the perpetual afternoon automobile drives, and thus make them genuine "joy" rides for the children. There were the sick in our crowded city hospitals who would pray until their dying day, and after it in heaven, for those who would visit them occasionally and read to them or speak a kind and consoling word to them; all this time there were God's beautiful children in the outlying districts, just thirsting for the knowledge of Christ, and none to instruct them, although all of these "sweet girl graduates" ride madly through these places every week in their touring cars, and the only thought they give them is to complain of the dust, utterly unmindful that God's little ones are drinking in this dust, raised by the "sweet girl graduates' own machines. Oh! the pity of it! And a year ago these

same girls promised such great things "for God, for humanity, for the Church and for self."

What about that valedictory? Was it all a hollow mockery?

THOMAS F. COAKLEY, D.D.

SOCIOLOGY

Ezekiel, Thirty-Four, Six

A WARNING shout, a swift scurry of feet, and the party skidded into Third Street, with a policeman, several dogs, and a flock of children in pursuit. We are peaceful folk here in Harlemville, especially we who dwell on Eighty-fourth Avenue, and such sights are vexing. When all the locks of our oldest inhabitant were raven, the most formidable terror that stalked by night was the prowling goat; but times have changed since the days when Eighty-fourth Avenue was only a country road leading between dusty tangles of brier-roses to old Jan Powlson's Astoria ferry. Now we have "L's" and tenements and push carts and surface lines and rathskellers, and, I fear, rowdies and foolish girls whose street corner laughter makes one remember gratefully the piercing shrill of a subway train rounding a bad curve.

THE NEWSDEALER'S PHILOSOPHY

The policeman came back with an air of triumph and three half-grown boys. I stopped to get the history of the case from my friend the corner newsdealer, an aged Hebrew, a philosopher learned in all the lore of Harlemville. He shook his head as if to rearrange his vocabulary. "It's a good thing," he commented in Manhattanese tinged with Oriental reminiscences. These boys had been "shotting" craps in the hallway, next the undertaker's. Worked at Bloomingdale's. Got, maybe, six dollars a week. Yes, and there was worse. At ten P. M. my friend shelves his wares for the mind, and like a venerable siren lures the late wayfarer with the hiss and bubble of steaming frankfurters. The crap-shooters come back then, and they do not come alone. Those foolish girls come with them. It was doing no good. It was bad for the neighborhood. It was worse for the girls. Now these boys get a week, maybe ten days on the Island. It is good, but the "cops" should have arrested them long ago. I know all about it, said the newsdealer. But it is better sometimes to be in the streets than in the pool rooms, the "movies," the dance halls or the saloons. Sometimes it is best to be in jail. "Do you wan a 'Joynal' or a 'Woid'?" he inquired, abandoning philosophy for business.

THE CHILDREN'S PLAYGROUND

My friend limits the boys and girls of our neighborhood to the streets, the "movies," the saloons, the pool rooms, the dance halls and the jail. It is a sorry choice, but truth compels the admission that the enumeration is complete. "Home" does not enter his calculations. He is a practical man, no theorist, and he knows the East Side. Most of us remember a childhood which found an inexhaustible source of amusement under the family roof tree and in the adjacent demesne. We did not have merely a place in which to eat and sleep and shelter ourselves from the heat and the cold, but a home. For many of the poor, especially in the congested districts of our larger cities, what we mean by "home" is a physical impossibility. According to the census of 1910, there were 136,548 persons in New York's eleventh ward, or 697 persons to every acre; in the tenth and thirteenth wards, 604 per acre, and in the seventeenth ward, 520. Walk through the upper East Side of New York, a district by no means the last stand of the abjectly poor, and note the tenements from five to nine stories in height, narrow and forbidding, that closely pack for blocks both sides of the narrow, dirty street. The child of this neighborhood does not know what a

"yard" is; he plays in the street, and the smaller ones usually choose the gutter.

SOCIAL LIFE IN A TENEMENT

His older brothers and sisters cannot "have company" in the house after they come home from work. Crowded and constricted, with every available inch used for the animal purposes of living, often poorly lighted and ill-ventilated, "home" is not a very pleasant place. It is surely not adapted for social purposes. Often the head of the house stumbles in at eight or nine, tired out after his long day's toil. He cannot take a father's place in the family. He is so worn out that after his frugal supper, he can do no more than fall into bed, after setting his battered alarm for four or five o'clock. Perhaps, too, the temper of the older people, already tense through toil, ill-health or worry, is easily upset by the "noise" of merry-makers. Yet amusement these young people must have. We cannot do away with a fact by quarreling with it.

Man is a social animal, gregarious and all that, as the psychologists tell us, and in normal young people the social instinct is strong. To them as to you, lights, music, and laughter are attractive. Possibly it would be better were these boys and girls to eschew forever all frivolity, to spend their time in prayer and fasting, but, normally speaking, the generality will never aspire actively after perfection. Besides, I have never heard that either Our Lord or the Church ever frowned upon innocent enjoyment. The frown came in with the sixteenth-century revolt against religion. Monkish mystery plays encouraged our forefathers to laugh at the devil, which is a Christian thing, while fearing him overmuch, as if he could snatch us from the hand of God, is a weakness eminently pleasing to the father of lies. And I find a great deal of satisfaction in the recollection that, long ago, a certain wedding feast among the poor was made very bright and joyous by the kindly presence of the Son of God.

THE "MAGNIFICENT PILE"

After these paragraphs, devoted to the proof of an obvious fact, let us stand in the now deserted hallway next the undertaker's, and glance one block to the north. Your eyes rest on what the local Baedeker describes as a "magnificent pile," a great church administered by the Fathers of a famous Religious Order. I know the zeal with which this foundation is served. Masses are said from early morning until eight or nine and until noon on Sunday; confessions are heard at all hours; thousands throng the Holy Table; there are sermons, instructions, novenas; and all to the untold profit of those pious souls who come to participate in this largesse of spiritual wealth. Its mosaics are glorious harmonies of glowing color framed in gold; marble and silver and bronze and stained glass and tapestries, are brought together to do Him honor who condescends to dwell in this temple reared by faith and love. Only a spirit akin to the lost Apostle carps at the beauty of God's House. But what of the wandering sheep, the lambs straying down Eighty-fourth Avenue to the edge of the desert?

"WHERE ELSE CAN I GO?"

For this church, I am told, has no sodality for boys or for young men, and the Young Ladies' Sodality, owning no age limit, frequently goes by another and, to some, an ominous name. The church has organized no society or club of any kind, which even pretends to interest and protect those who most need its care, the growing boys and girls who, just released from school, find liberty a dangerous gift. It has a fine school building, with auditorium, gymnasium and roof playground; but during the summer, when our foolish young friends are congregating in dark hallways and dangerous dance halls, or roistering on street corners, this building cannot be entered except by a thoroughly

trained burglar. In fact, even during the year, it is open for only a few hours during the day. "She meets them at your very door, the church door" says someone in O. Henry's poignant yet commonplace tragedy, "Brickdust Row." "Where else can I go?" asks the girl, whose East Side surroundings are gradually drawing her into the downward path.

To this question our "magnificent pile" has no answer. The boy can go a few blocks to the west and find a Y. M. C. A. building splendidly equipped with everything to engage his boyish fancy, if he is fond of manly sports and games, and with excellent high-school and technical courses, if he prefers to study. A few blocks further to the west, and he will come across an institution with similar advantages, the Young Men's Hebrew Association. But there seems to be no place for the girl, unless, perhaps, the Lutherans will open their *Jungfrauenbund* to her, or she finds a welcome at an Episcopalian neighborhood house. In any event we Catholics have nothing, either for our boys or our girls, although 15,000 people worship in the building which we have been surveying from the hallway, next to the undertaker's.

A POOR TEXT

Ezekiel, thirty-four, six, is an ill-chosen text. It is quite easy to tell your spiritual guide what he ought to do for his wandering lambs; but I have noted very often that the lecturers shy off when the pastor asks their help. I sometimes think that the Catholic laity deem themselves not confessors of the Faith merely, but veritable martyrs, when they grudgingly support a parochial school, founded for the sole purpose of saving their children from the snares of the devil. We Catholics have been "resolving" for these many years, and while a good resolution is better than a solemn declaration of intended evil, an elemental willingness to work is preferable to either. We are like a man with a toothache, nursing his courage for a visit to the dentist. How many Catholic societies have laudably "resolved to do something" for our boys and girls? Many. How many have done anything? Some; but one need not invoke a mathematician to compute the number.

A SUGGESTED MEDITATION

The last Congress gave us some marvelous legislation, but I have not heard that it authorized the clergy to issue legal tender. And we cannot build social centers or neighborhood houses on roseate dreams. Let our wealthy Catholics meditate profoundly on the "right use of creatures," while the rest of us ponder the story of the widow's mite; and a stroll by night through the tenement district, or a talk with the prosecuting attorney, will help to give the meditation form and purpose. Christ died to save these children playing in the hallways of the house of sin. Does this truth mean anything to you?

P. L. B.

NOTE AND COMMENT

The Editor of the *Rosary Magazine* refers to the comments recently made by women of prominence upon the decay of chivalry and the noticeable lessening of esteem for their sex even on the part of boys. In seeking to account for this he adverts to the entrance of woman into politics and then adds:

But even if this entrance of woman into politics were not responsible for the falling off of man's regard for the fair sex, the mode of dress adopted by the women of our day might be looked upon as one of its root causes. Men, as a rule, are not overmuch addicted to blushing. But no respectable man can hope to keep down the mantling blush when he is confronted with some of the Parisian fashions now in vogue.

He rightly refers to the scandal of Catholic women approaching the Holy Table in costumes that are far from modest. The

pastorals written upon the modern fashions are sufficient evidence of the seriousness of this evil. It is the duty of Catholic women to set the world an example of Christian decency.

Preparations are under way in Chicago for a memorial to the distinguished surgeon, Dr. John B. Murphy.

President Reinberg, of the County Board, has appointed a committee to confer with the leading members of the medical profession in regard to the erection and endowment of a Clinical Research Laboratory to be placed on the County Hospital Grounds as a memorial to John B. Murphy, M.D., the famous physician and surgeon who died recently. The building will cost about \$100,000; \$200,000 will be raised by popular subscription for the maintenance of the work.

It is proposed to specialize in research work along the lines of cancer, pneumonia and infantile paralysis, in which Dr. Murphy was particularly interested.

Here is a campaign method in favor of total abstinence against which no one will object:

Three beers a day for a year (\$54.75) would bring into the home: one barrel of flour; five pounds of sugar; 20 pounds of cornstarch; 10 pounds of macaroni; 10 quarts of beans; four twelve-pound hams; one bushel of sweet potatoes; three bushels of Irish potatoes; 10 pounds of rice; 10 pounds of coffee; 20 pounds of crackers; 100 bars of soap; five quarts of cranberries; 10 bunches of celery; 10 pounds of prunes; three dozen oranges; 20 good beefsteaks. But this is not all; there would be in one pocket of the workingman's trousers a five-dollar bill marked, "A new dress for mother," and in another pocket a five-dollar bill marked, "To buy shoes for the children."

Still higher motives might be added to this list in seeking to promote total abstinence by conviction.

The *Caravel*, published by the Knights of Columbus at Davenport, Iowa, gives the following interesting summary of the reports of the supreme officers at the late convention, showing the growth and the stability of the Order:

There were 368,135 Knights of Columbus within the jurisdiction of the Order on June 30, 1916, according to Secretary McGinley's report. The financial statement of Supreme Treasurer Callahan showed that \$860,406.16 had been paid in death benefits during the year, and that the present assets of the Order, exclusive of special funds, are approximately \$7,000,000.00. The healthy manhood of the Knights of Columbus was indicated by the report of Supreme Physician Dr. Buckley. The death rate during the year was but seven per 1,000 members. This mortality list, he said, is the lowest of any fraternal organization of its size or age in the country.

The findings of the "Commission on Religious Prejudice," it was announced, were to be "the most distinctive work ever distributed under the auspices of the Supreme Council."

The Negro Year Book, 1916-1917, gives abundant proof of the progress made by the black race in the United States. It shows the American negro attaining to distinction as painter, sculptor, composer, poet, actor, singer and inventor. It presents him likewise in his capacity as successful business man and banker. According to the census of 1910 the negro population was 9,827,763 and must therefore be very considerably over 10,000,000 at present. It is interesting to notice that the first negro educational fund mentioned is that founded by the Polish General, Thaddeus Kosciuszko, May 5, 1798. On the eve of his departure from America he set aside a fund of \$16,000 to be devoted to the education of negroes. Thomas Jefferson was made administrator and empowered to employ the whole fund, according to the words of its founder:

In purchasing negroes and giving them liberty in my name, in giving them an education in trade or otherwise, and in having them instructed for their new condition in

the duties of morality, which may make them good neighbors, good fathers or mothers, husbands or wives, in their duties as citizens, teaching them to be defenders of their liberty and country, and of the good order of society, and in whatever may make them happy and useful.

Thomas Jefferson refused to take out administration papers and the heirs of Kosciusko contested the will. No available information exists to indicate the final disposition made of the fund. The active interest of the various sects at the present moment in educational and religious work among the negroes is made sufficiently apparent by the considerable sums which have been devoted by them to this purpose. Recognition is likewise given to the work done by Catholics in the Year Book published at the Tuskegee Institute, Alabama.

A complete description of the new Fenwick Club and Boys' Home in Cincinnati, whose immediate construction was recently decided upon, is given in the *Catholic Telegraph* of that city. The building is to consist of six stories, besides two mezzanine floors, a half-basement and a roof garden.

Among the more prominent features embodied in the plans, there is a large gymnasium, complete in the most minute detail, which can be used for hand-ball, basket-ball, indoor baseball and tennis. A standard swimming pool, with the very latest water-heating system, will be electrically illuminated from the bottom, and will be equipped with "safety-first" life guards or rails. Three fine bowling alleys will afford ample accommodations for bowling contests from time to time. Two large billiard and pool rooms and two libraries will be at the disposal of the boys. Three commodious lounging rooms, attractively furnished, will be in the center of all social activity of the house. These rooms are so arranged, that they can be thrown into one large assembly room, which will seat more than a thousand people comfortably. A motion-picture booth will be concealed in one of these rooms. The large dining rooms are capable of accommodating three hundred guests, and a magnificent chapel will afford the young men an opportunity of attending divine services in the building. The Fenwick Club will have one hundred and fifty rooms, while the dormitories of the Boys' Home will accommodate about one hundred.

The Fenwick Club membership, we are told, is limited to Catholic young men between the ages of seventeen and thirty, while the Boys' Home admits non-Catholics, though it is strictly Catholic in management. The athletic and educational features will be open to all the Catholic men of the city at a nominal fee. The Fenwick Club was organized in 1915 to offer rooming facilities to homeless Catholic youths, in order to remove them from the danger of contamination, while the Boys' Home has for thirty-two years been "a haven for homeless boys."

A law has recently been passed by the National Assembly of Panama making civil marriage compulsory and giving it precedence over the marriage performed by the Church. Officiating priests or ministers are threatened with fine or imprisonment, or both, if a marriage should be performed in their churches before the civil ceremony. The demonstration which took place in answer to this violation of the most sacred rights of the people is thus described in a letter to AMERICA written from the Canal Zone:

Hand bills announcing the meetings were distributed throughout the city by the thousands. They had the desired effect and fully 5,000 men were present at the demonstrations; the women having been advised not to be present. The Panamanians were thoroughly aroused and Panama City had never witnessed in the past such a demonstration as took place a few nights ago. There were several American Catholics, including myself, present at the meetings. The first meeting was held in Cathedral Park and was addressed by the Rt. Rev. Bishop, Dr. Rojas, and by Dr. Victoria, Panama's most gifted orator. The people then proceeded to the President's palace where Dr. Teran, accom-

panied by the Bishop, addressed the President. The President responded, assuring the people that the law would be amended in accordance with their wishes. The people then proceeded to Santa Anna Park where the large crowd was addressed by Dr. Guardia and others. This great demonstration of men has been a consolation to the Catholics here and they have been encouraged to the extent that the next General Assembly will be composed of Catholics; Masonic Jews and Freethinkers being eliminated. The Liberal Paper, *El Diario*, which is supported by the present clique in power, made little of the demonstration. However, nobody pays much attention to it. The editor and manager of this paper is a renegade Spanish Catholic from Spain. The daily papers contain telegrams from all over the country protesting against the law.

This demonstration, the writer adds, ought to prove to the members of the Christina Congress that Panama is not a nation of atheists as Americans are led to believe.

Since 1903 the *Journal of the American Medical Association* has been collecting statistics regarding deaths and injuries resulting from the use of fireworks on the Fourth of July in the United States. The results are:

	1903	1904	1905	1906	1907	1908	1909
Casualties	4,449	4,169	5,176	5,466	4,413	5,623	5,307
Deaths	466	183	182	158	164	163	215
Tetanus Deaths	406	91	87	75	62	55	125
	1910	1911	1912	1913	1914	1915	1916
Casualties	2,923	1,603	988	1,163	1,506	1,165	850
Deaths	131	57	41	32	40	30	30
Tetanus Deaths	67	10	6	3	3	1	0

There were in the fourteen years 1,892 deaths. The total number of injuries that were not mortal was 42,909. Those that lost the sight of both eyes were 144; 654 lost the sight of one eye. The number of deaths is approximately correct, but the injuries recorded are only part of the whole. The *Journal* gives the lists as taken from hospital and police records, but the vast number of those treated at home by physicians who make no public report cannot be known. Among the deaths were 991 from tetanus. The tetanus bacillus is found very commonly in the dust of city streets, and any place where horses or cattle are present; it gets on the hands of children, and when a wound is made by a blank cartridge or other explosive the bacillus is driven into the wound. A deep closed wound is the best culture medium for this micro-organism. The infected person, after a period of incubation, which may be only a few days, or may be prolonged to two weeks, begins to have spasms of the jaw muscles, which end in lockjaw. The spasm spreads to the neck muscles, then to the trunk. Death may be caused by a laryngeal spasm, which suffocates; by a spasm of the diaphragm or other respiratory muscles; by paralysis of the heart; by exhaustion; or by severe fever. The deaths caused by fireworks are, of course, preventable. Hence the civil authorities are morally responsible for these deaths. During the past ten years there were 8,225 persons injured by fireworks in Pennsylvania, which has the worst record in the United States. New York State comes second, with 2,000 less cases. Among the cities Philadelphia has constantly been at the head of the evil list from 1909 to 1916. During the past ten years there were 37 killed and 2,938 injured by Fourth of July fireworks; in New York City 52 were killed and 2,135 injured; in Chicago, 46 killed and 639 injured; in St. Louis, 12 killed and 910 injured; in Boston, 15 killed and 546 injured; in Pittsburgh, 25 killed and 313 injured; in Cincinnati, 13 killed and 396 injured. Attempts have been made in Pennsylvania to have a law passed forbidding the manufacture of fireworks in the State, but the makers' lobby defeated the bills. Even if the making of fireworks were prohibited in a State, the importation of these explosives would be possible. A Federal law is needed to keep down this toll of human lives. The agitation against it begins too late each year.